

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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A MUTUAL SURPRISE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHILD WHOM HIS COMING AWAKENS GREET EACH OTHER WITH MUTE ASTONISHMENT.

*Photographed by Miss Nellie Coutant.*

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

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Thursday, December 8, 1904

#### The World's Great Peace Anniversary.

THE YEAR now near its close has been signalized by great achievements in the interests of world-wide peace. It has witnessed several remarkable assemblies for the promotion of international concord, and, what is still more important and memorable, it has witnessed the actual conclusion of many compacts between nations whereby the chances of war in the future have been decreased to a great degree. Taking the year as a whole, it may be justly reckoned as an epoch-making period in the history of the peace movement. While we may rightly rejoice in this fact and gather from it large hope for the future, it is well to remember that we owe this happy and promising condition chiefly to the spirit and teachings of that form of religious belief which came into the world one Christmas day, twenty centuries ago.

The first proclamation of world-wide peace that ever fell upon the ears of men was that which heralded the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. In the angel song, "On earth peace, good-will toward men," we have the true beginning of the peace movement, the opening of a new and happier era for all mankind, the germ out of which has come, these later years, such noble and enduring fruitage as The Hague tribunal and the score and more of arbitration treaties, and, more than all, the sense of human brotherhood which now far more than ever before pervades all races of men the world around. We who live in the midst of a Christian civilization, the heirs and beneficiaries of ages of Christian influence, enlightenment, and progress, cannot realize what a novel, revolutionary, and truly startling doctrine was that given to the world in that first Christmas proclamation.

The older forms of religion, the social and political systems of those ancient times, were all founded on the idea of exclusiveness, of caste lines, of deep and radical distinctions between races and men; the idea that to some were given special rights, gifts, and privileges, while others were born to be slaves and beasts of burden. Such doctrines as the equality of all men before the Creator, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, were utterly unknown to the ancient world. Each man of each race, or each religious creed, deemed all men not of that race or creed as beings quite outside the range of his interest and sympathies—as aliens, barbarians, creatures who had few, if any, rights which he was bound to respect.

This feeling of superiority, of race distinction and separateness, was particularly strong and dominant in the life of the Greeks, and still more so in that of the Romans. To be a Roman citizen was to be a being set apart, a favorite of the gods, a being entitled, by divine and unalienable right, to powers and privileges not vouchsafed to other men. To a society so constituted, to men so taught and so believing, nothing could have been more iconoclastic, more disturbing and, at first, more inconceivable, than the heralding of a new era wherein peace and good-will should prevail among all men throughout the earth. For the old system, of caste favoritism and race domination, was essentially a system to be upheld by the sword, by force; a condition wherein peace and good-will as a normal and abiding feature is quite incomprehensible.

To the religion, then, ushered into the world with the song of the angels over Bethlehem we owe that new conception of the relations of men to each other, that wonderful and glorious truth of human fraternity, which has been slowly working out, through the Christian ages, the loftier and nobler ideals of human government, the broader sympathies, the larger tolerance, the sweeter humanities, which characterize the civilization of modern times. Men have been loath to take to heart the lesson taught that Advent morning among the Judean hills. The preaching of peace and good-will has been ages beyond the practice. Blood and carnage, cruelty and injustice, the inhumanity of man

to man, have darkened all the centuries since that first Christmas day.

Even now, as we prepare for the celebration of the Feast of the Nativity, the awful sounds of battle are ringing in our ears, and on the Manchurian plains vast numbers of men are engaged in bloody and fratricidal strife. But despite all this—despite all the hates, jealousies, and antagonisms, all the pride and selfishness, all the unjust and tyrannical laws, customs, and usages which still divide men from each other and perpetuate the old wrongs and abuses—each Christmas finds the world somewhat better than before, somewhat farther up the slope toward that golden age when the dream of poets and prophets shall come true, and the sweet and tender spirit of the blessed Christmas-tide shall rule in the hearts of men throughout all the wide earth.

#### The True Christmas Spirit.

WE HAVE the faith to believe that the spirit of Christmas has a wider range and dominates more truly the hearts and lives of men to-day than ever before in the world's history. If there are yet many Scrooges to be won over to a heart of kindness and glad generosity, there are fewer such sordid and miserly souls than there were in Dickens's day. The world has been growing better all these passing years—more charitable, more tender, and more forgiving, and the brotherhood of humanity has taken upon itself a deeper and more sacred meaning. Darkness is giving way to light, injustice to justice, and hatred and jealousy among men to mutual trust and confidence.

The passing year has witnessed larger giving, nobler benefactions, greater advancement in the cause of peace, and more service for humanity than any other year the world has known. When its full record is made up there will be no doubt of this. With the exception of the war in the East, the twelvemonth has been notably free from famine, pestilence, and disaster, while on the other hand, it has been marked with more than ordinary abundance and prosperity in nearly all civilized lands. It is well to note and remember these things at the Christmas season and take new heart and hope therefrom.

Even now, as ever, there are not a few who profess to see cause for mourning and lamentation in the prevalent conditions of society, in our political situation, or in the state of the churches. In their view alarming evils exist in all these directions, and a period of swift and certain degeneracy has already set in. It is not difficult to find some facts and some plausible arguments in support of these jeremiads. Society, politics, and the churches are still full of errors and very far from perfection, but no one who looks out upon the world with a calm, thoughtful, and unprejudiced mind, and compares the past with the present, can entertain a doubt that the age in which we live is immeasurably a brighter and happier age than any the world has known before. Let us believe this and rejoice in the belief. It is true, and let us be happy in the truth.

Can we doubt it, also, that each Christmas season helps to move the world along as no other does, or can do, to a brighter, sweeter, and nobler era, nearer to the dawn of universal peace and good-will. It can hardly be otherwise where the true Christmas spirit reigns. For in the exercise of no virtue do men gain greater good to themselves than that of doing good to others. The open hand, the generous deed, the kind remembrance, these have their reflex influence upon life and character, and, through and beyond life and character, upon society, government, and all human agencies and institutions. The Christmas season, therefore, rightly observed, is far more than a season of merry-making, or even a religious festival. It is the day of all days in the Christian calendar that the world could least afford to ignore or forget.

#### Perils of the Holiday Season.

IT SEEMS an ungracious thing even to suggest that perils of any sort may be connected with the joyous events of Christmas-time; that any shadows may arise to darken this the happiest festal day of all the year. Far be it from us to act the part of an alarmist or a prophet of evil at such a season. Fortunately the ceremonies and observances attendant upon the Christmas anniversary include few, if any, of the features which have gone far to make our Independence Day a season of dread and terror to many people—a carnival of mere noise and reckless sport. Yet it is true that carelessness and the spirit of mischief, ever rampant at holiday times, have not infrequently led to painful accidents and other sad happenings in connection with Christmas festivities, and a few words of warning in this relation are surely not amiss.

Perhaps it is in connection with domestic and amateur theatricals that the risks are greatest and the largest number of accidents occur. We recall two fatalities which occurred at the Christmas season in New York City a year ago at entertainments of this kind, both involving the death of little children whose costumes caught fire from Christmas candles. Children and adults alike have been dressed, for example, and almost buried, in a profusion of cotton-wool intended to represent snow, without the least regard having been paid to the ready inflammability of the material and without any precautions to keep it from coming into contact with a naked flame. It cannot be too well known that cotton-wool burns with the fierceness of spirit, and that the flame is very hot and very difficult to extinguish. Great caution should also be exercised in regard to the drapery used for scenic

purposes, which should consist, so far as possible, if not entirely, of non-inflammable or of not easily ignited material.

There is, again, a similar danger connected with celluloid ornaments and toys. The celluloid ball is fiercely and easily inflammable, and if it does not ignite something else and lead to an alarming conflagration it may itself inflict severe burns and injury. This warning is all the more needed, it seems to us, as so many toys are now made of this highly combustible material. The festive season is associated with many things bright and pretty in which danger may easily lurk. The painted doll may be pigmented with poison, the colored candles on the Christmas-tree have been known to be a source of arsenical poisoning at Christmas parties, while the sweets may not be above suspicion.

It does not follow from all this that any one should borrow trouble for the coming Christmas days, nor approach the season with any unhappy presentiments and dread imaginings. It is only a little plea for the exercise of ordinary caution and common prudence at a time when the merry-making spirit is abroad and likely to lead the young and thoughtless into situations fraught with peril to life and limb. Notwithstanding the old fables and traditions to the contrary, no law of nature is suspended even at the Christmas-tide, and fire will burn and water drown then as always and everywhere.

#### The Plain Truth.

WE HAVE no reason to believe that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has ever posed as a literary critic or as a connoisseur in verse, ancient or modern, and therefore his judgment as to the following lines, recently quoted by him at a Sunday-school rally in Cleveland, may be accepted without prejudice. Mr. Rockefeller said that he found them in the corner of a daily newspaper, that they were "beautiful little lines," and that he wished that all the people who heard him might learn them by heart, while he repeated, from memory, as follows :

"There is so much bad in the best of us  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it scarcely behoves the most of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

Mr. Rockefeller added that these lines had been a great comfort to him because they contain "so much of that charity which we should all feel for our fellow-men." While it may be true that the poetry quoted lacks the dignity of Shakespearian verse and the rhythmic beauty of a Tennysonian couplet, who shall say that it does not convey a lesson which all might well take to heart at this Christmas season?

NEW YORK is a city of unique banquets. Of all that are given yearly, that of the Young Men's Christian Association board of management has a place by itself. With its distinguished attendance of men prominent in the highest circles of business, finance, and the learned professions, men who represent culture as well as leadership in great material projects, the recent annual banquet was most notable. The decorations were beautiful, the menu the choicest, though without wine or tobacco, and the atmosphere was inspiring. The speeches—all limited to ten minutes each—were uplifting and were given with an earnestness that distinguishes men of faith while talking on gospel topics. Secretary of the Navy Morton, General F. D. Grant, General McCook, and Admiral Coghlan were among the speakers. Mr. Morton was especially instructive. He reminded his hearers that the young men for the new navy are being drawn from the interior of the country and that fully ninety per cent. of them are American born, and that that will make ours the best navy in the world. The Young Men's Christian Association work among these men, every commander in the navy had told him, was a blessing. It is a grand thing to have such an institution as the Young Men's Christian Association doing so great a work.

TIMELY HINTS on the subject, now under discussion, of an increase of our navy may be afforded in a little book recently issued by an English publisher containing the answers made by twenty-three writers on naval subjects and others to the question, "What do you consider the best means of creating amongst the general public a real interest and sympathy toward the navy?" Various answers are given. Rudyard Kipling says: "Make every one liable to serve." Captain Claud Harding would educate every one in naval matters. Arnold White would make the subject interesting, and suggests that when a ship that has gone through some special service is paid off, "private citizens might club together and give the crew a day's cutting in London and a feast." Gerald Fiennes advocates the idea of "counties" keeping their special cruisers, a suggestion which might apply to our States. Colonel Alsager Pollock thinks that the press "fails lamentably in its patriotic duty to the united services," and that in consequence "the British public troubles itself very little indeed about the navy, and not at all about the army"—a hard saying when one thinks of the space regularly given up to these matters in such representative English publications as the London *Times* and *The Spectator*. It will surely need a large volume of "real interest and sympathy" on the part of the public to sustain the naval programme to which the British nation is now committed, making its naval budget for the present year larger by some millions of pounds than it has ever been before.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT



LADY NORMANDY, the beautiful mistress of the famous English country seat, Mulgrave Castle, has the somewhat unusual position among English peeresses of being the wife of a clergyman. Lord Normandy, whose every-day

name is the Rev. Constantine Charles Henry Phipps, has been canon of Saint George's Chapel, Windsor, since 1891. Among his ancestors was Sir William Phipps, the inventor of the diving-bell. His estate in Whitby comprises about eight thousand acres. For a time Mulgrave Castle was a very popular preparatory school, where were fitted for Eton several future dukes and budding peers. Lord Normandy is still much interested in educational matters, and he advocates strenuously the teaching of games and sports, as well as of the 'ologies. It is less than a year since his marriage to the lady whose portrait we give. Lady Normandy is in full sympathy with her husband in his devotion to worthy causes. It is largely from instances like this that the British aristocracy derives its hold on the regard of the great mass of the people.

MARCHIONESS OF NORMANDY,  
Whose husband, though a peer, is an  
English clergyman.—*Jacquette*.



OWING TO the exclusion law, the total number of Chinamen who voted in November was only a few thousands, most of these being on the Pacific coast. In the Empire State there is believed to be only one such voter, Chew Ugon Wing, of Mamaroneck, a suburb of the metropolis. Mr. Wing was born in San Francisco in 1873. When a young man he visited China, but remained there only a short time. He belongs to the James S. Merritt Association, of Westchester County, of which William L. Ward, Republican national committeeman, is a prominent member.

YOUTHFUL musical prodigies are arising in such swift succession that before long it will be necessary greatly to reduce their age limit to assure them any attention. In one case the minimum of years appears to have been reached, and it is not far away from cradleshadow. Little Gerhard E. Helmers, of Baltimore, is only four years old, but he has already dimmed the laurels of all other "boy drummers" on record. His proud parents state that he began to beat the drum when he was but twelve months of age, a fact which holds true of



GERHARD E. HELMERS,  
Four years old, the youngest expert drummer in  
the world.—*Hobbel*.

many another infant. But Gerhard had a genius for thumping on the instrument which the primitive races love, and his skill developed so rapidly that to-day he is competent to play in a band, and has taken part in public performances. It is related that he plays in perfect time and puts on so many fancy touches that he captivates his audiences. The youngster is likewise exhibiting a taste and an aptitude for the violin, and it is probable that he will yet be given an opportunity to obtain a thorough musical education. In a recent parade at Baltimore, in celebration of President Roosevelt's election, this wee lad was one of the most noticed and applauded figures. The little fellow appears to be healthy and vivacious as the average of children, and one thing which makes his future the more promising is the fact that his precocity is natural and not forced.

CHILDREN ARE so restless, they change their attitudes and expressions so frequently, that to make good sketches of them is one of the most difficult tasks which an artist can essay. Special aptitude and assiduous practice are required for success with this class of pictorial subjects. Few are they who are masters of this branch of art, and among the foremost of these ranks Mrs. Florence England Nosworthy, who contributes to this number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY a handsome drawing in colors, and a double-page of pictures,



MRS. FLORENCE ENGLAND NOSWORTHY,  
Skillful picturer of children, and the son who is her model.

all showing the little folks in intense enjoyment Christmas and its accompanying gifts. The merits of these attractive and lifelike figures are so obvious that they do not need to be pointed out. Nothing of the kind surpassing, or even equaling, them is likely to be found in any other publication. The artist, who is here at her best, has also won laurels in other directions. Nobody can so successfully depict babies as she. She is well known for her types of beautiful American girls, is an illustrator of note, and is the author of several artistic publications. Her work has appeared in many leading newspapers and magazines. Mrs. Nosworthy is an American, and received her art education in the United States. She was born in the West and lived as a girl at army posts on the frontier, her father having been an army chaplain. Her first drawings were of Indians and soldiers, and it was not until after her own children became her models that she discovered her talent for portraying child-life.

THE BEAUTIFUL portrait we present herewith will appeal, we are sure, to all hearts, and most of all to mother-hearts and lovers of little people. The portrait is that of the Countess of Lytton and her little son who bears the title of Viscount Knebworth. Although only twenty-eight years of age, the present Lord Lytton has made himself a power in English politics and government, and is generally regarded as one of the most promising among the younger and rising class of English peers. Lady Lytton has taken a large place in the more thoughtful section of the great world, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra have shown her marked favor. Lord Lytton's historic home, Knebworth House, from which their little son takes the title, has hitherto been let, but when in



THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON,  
A prominent English noblewoman and her baby-boy,  
Viscount Knebworth.—*Hughes*.

London the Lyttons have a charming old-world house in Westminster, overlooking St. James's Park and within a very short walk of both Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, historic buildings which impart an interest to the entire locality in which they are situated.

IT WOULD be quite invidious to say which of the many American women who have formed matrimonial alliances with members of the English nobility is pre-eminent for grace and beauty, but probably no social authority will question the assertion that Lady Essex, who was formerly Miss Adele Grant, of New York, is one of the most beautiful, if not first of all in this regard. Before her marriage to Lord Essex, ten years ago, Miss Grant was a favorite in London society, and her engagement first to one and then to another great *parti* was often rumored. As Lady Essex, she is mistress of

Cassiobury Park, one of the most splendid of country places near London. Lady Essex has two little daughters, of whom the eldest has the curious name of Iris Athenais. Her sister, Mrs. Padelford, has recently married Comte de Breteuil, of Paris.

AN AGREEMENT signed between representatives of Japan and Korea binds the latter country to engage as diplomatic adviser to the Department of Foreign Affairs a foreigner recommended by the Japanese government. This adviser has already been chosen in the person of Mr. Durham White Stevens, counselor of the Japanese legation at Washington for fifteen years. Mr. Stevens is regarded as well equipped for the duties of diplomatic agent.

ALL AUTHORITIES agree in the statement that the Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand, were a people much above most savage races in character and intelligence. How brave they were, how skilled in warfare, how resolute in maintaining their ancient rights and possessions, the English invaders of Zealand learned to their cost. In later years they also became faithful and strong as allies of the English and supporters of English rule. One of the few remaining survivors of the old Maori régime is the lady whose portrait

we give, the Princess Airini Karauria. She is the daughter of Karauria, the heroic chief who lost his life in 1867 fighting for the English after the massacre of Poverty Bay, and the niece of Renata, formerly a great fighting chief of the Maoris. She was brought up by Renata, who gave her the best English education at Wellington, and she was considered by her kinsfolk to be an almost sacred personage, her birth having been prophesied by a Maori seer. Her uncle and the Maori community were therefore greatly incensed when she married a young Irishman, George Prior Donnelly, now one of the richest run-holders and sheep-owners in New Zealand. On his death-bed, however, Renata forgave his niece and left her all his vast possessions. Mrs. Donnelly has recently been visiting in England, and received many marks of favor from King Edward and Queen Alexandra.



LADY ESSEX,  
An American beauty who is now a  
British peeress.—*Langfier*.



PRINCESS AIRINI KARURIA,  
(Now Mrs. Donnelly) Chieftainess of the  
Maoris.

# MA'AM BASSETT

By J. L. Harbour



set when all of the mountain peaks would be

"Touched by a light that hath no name.  
A glory never sung."

Ma'am Bassett always stood in her cabin door and watched the going down of the sun behind Eagle Mountain. She was an ignorant, uncouth woman, but one alive to the splendid and glowing beauty of a Rocky Mountain sunset. She sometimes gave expression to her admiration by saying: "There ain't no purtier sight on this created earth than that o' the sun slippin' down behind the Eagle range and leavin' a trail o' glory behind him. Fact is, Rocky Mountain sunsets go a leetle ahead o' any other sunsets I ever see."

Ma'am Bassett was a woman with sufficient individuality to deserve the distinction of being a "character." She was the only woman in Paradise Gulch, and no other woman had ever found her way up to the little hamlet of Paradise City a few rods below Ma'am Bassett's cabin. Her husband had led the way up the trail when Ma'am Bassett had first come to the gulch, but that had been years ago, and Jerry Bassett had long slept under a lone pine on the slope of Eagle Mountain. After her husband's death Ma'am Bassett had stayed on in the cabin, washing and mending for the miners, and serving meals to the few transients who came up over the trail running close to her door. She had the warm-hearted hospitality of the true Westerner, and the poverty-stricken wayfarers who arrived at her cabin in a totally "busted" state were warmed and fed without money and without price.

Ma'am Bassett was a somewhat unique figure as she stood in her cabin door that unusually mild December day, looking at the red ball of the sun, lending a rosy glow to the snow-capped mountain peaks. She was a woman who frankly confessed that she was "nigher sixty than fifty." Tall, gaunt, and with the round shoulders that tell of years of unceasing toil, she was clad in a bright-red calico wrapper, with the sleeves rolled so far back that most of her thin but muscular arms was revealed. Her short black hair was singularly free from touches of gray, and she often expressed her gratitude because of the fact that she had not yet "come to specs." Her thin, sallow face was well creased with wrinkles, and she was wont to say that old age "jist would put his mark on folks in some way or other." Then she was apt to add:

"But he can't make folks old in sperrit unless they give right up to him, and I allow to flaunt a no-surrender flag in his face to the end o' my days when it comes to keepin' young in my feelin's. If it's so that folks are only as old as they feel, then I ain't more than forty at most."

The red and gold tints were fading out of the sky and Ma'am Bassett was about to go in and close her cabin door, when she saw a man coming up the snow-covered trail.

"It's Runty Bagley," said Ma'am Bassett to herself.

She waited until he was within a few yards of her; then she called out in her strongly nasal but cheery voice:

"Hello, Runty! That you?"

"It's what's left o' me after pullin' up over that slip'ry trail. I'm about winded."

He was an undersized man of grotesque appearance, one short leg being very much bowed, and the other a little shorter than it should have been. He sometimes referred to the fact that he was "shy one eye," and explained briefly that it was kicked out by a "cussed mewl." The same inconsiderate beast had with the same kick relieved Runty of four of his front teeth. Runty cherished no illusions regarding his per-

sonal appearance, and had often been heard to say that he "wa'n't much to look at," but he shared the opinion of Burns that "A mon's a mon for a' that."

An amused look came into Ma'am Bassett's face as she looked at Runty, for he was palpably "dressed up," a condition not at all common to Runty. He had on the only "biled shirt" Ma'am Bassett had ever seen him wear. A high paper collar one or two sizes too large for him was around his neck, but he had no necktie. A pair of new and shiny black trousers was on his uneven legs, but he wore his shabby old miner's jacket. A battered stovepipe hat that he had not dared put on within the limits of the camp below was now set jauntily on one side of his head.

"Well, ain't you rigged up, though?" said Ma'am Bassett when Runty drew near.

"I had occasion to," he replied.

"I don't see as you had any occasion to if you was just comin' to see me," replied Ma'am Bassett.

"That, ma'am, is the occasion of it," replied Runty, as he took off the hat and made Ma'am Bassett a sweeping bow. A not unwonted sense of humor caused her to adapt herself to the situation, and she elevated her skimpy calico skirt slightly with the thumb and finger of either hand, bowed low, and drawled out:

"You do me too much honor."

"I reckon, or at least I hope, you'll think I'm honorin' you a good deal more further on. Fine sunset, ma'am."

"You bet it was; there's no dodgin' that. Come in."

He entered the tidy little cabin of two rooms. Ma'am Bassett felt that the dressed-up condition of her guest warranted and even demanded the bringing forth of her one "store chair" from the inner room. Ordinarily he would have sat on a soap-box. He took the proffered chair at once, recognizing in it a tribute to his unusual appearance. Ma'am Bassett seated herself on a short wooden bench on the other side of her hospitable hearth, on which a cheery fire of pine knots was blazing. Runty, like Sam Weller, suddenly "dropped into poetry."

"Wimmen, fair wimmen, the light of the home,  
And man's guiding star where'er he may roam."

Ma'am Bassett grinned.

Runty pressed one bony, toil-worn hand to his left side, and said:

"If the heart of man is depressed with cares,  
The mist is dispelled when—when—"

Derned if I kin remember the rest of it, but it's about wimmen—lovely wimmen."

He rose and came over to where Ma'am Bassett was sitting, and sat down by her side. She eyed him suspiciously.

"Looke here, Ma'am Bassett," he said. "True love is a great thing. Its price is above rubies—yea, above diamonds. Yes, an' as some one has writ, love is like the measles—all the wuss when it comes late in life."

"That's so. No fool like a old fool," said Ma'am Bassett, with a grin.

"You're dead right. Truly hath the poet said, 'It is love that—that—' hanged if I kin remember what

the poet said. Anyhow, I might as well come right to the p'int. Will you marry me? Hold on, ma'am; don't git mad or skeered at a fair question. I know I ain't much to look at an' I ain't a Cræsus in money, but I'm reasonably sound in body an' mind an' I ain't no bad habits. I don't even smoke exceptin' now an' then a seegar on some pertickler occasion. I've got fourteen hundred dollars in bank over in Crystal City an' there's a feller ready to plank down two thousand in cold cash any day I want to take it for a third interest in that Little Rhody mine I own. I'm good-natured if I ain't good-lookin', an' I'd stick to ev'ry blamed thing I agreed to live up to in the weddin' cer'mony. You've buried a husband an' I've buried a wife, so we air both posted on the ins an' outs o' mattemony, an' so I—what do you say?"

She twisted the hem of her faded blue-and-white gingham apron around her forefinger and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"You ain't much to look at, Runty," she said.

"I own up to it, but—but—well, the fact is, there be purtier wimmin in the world than you."

"You're dead right on that p'int. It's six o' one and half a dozen o' the other when it comes to looks, and I—I—well, the older I git the more kind o' lone-some I feel all by my lone self."

"I know the feelin'. An' it ain't a pleasant one. We'd be comp'ny for each other an' I—it's yes, ain't it, Ma'am Bassett?"

"I reckon we're a pair of old fools, Runty, but—but—well, yes!"

A few days later Ma'am Bassett went down the snow-covered trail to the post-office in the camp and dropped a handful of square white envelopes into the letter-box. Half an hour later big Missouri Jake received one of these envelopes when he asked for his mail. He tore it open and drew forth a sheet of paper with two embossed hearts pierced by an arrow, which was one of a number of sheets of similar paper Runty had brought from Crystal City the day before. Missouri Jake glanced at what was written on the sheet of perfumed paper and gave a hilarious yell that brought all the loungers outside to the door of the post-office.

"What's on ye, Bill?" asked Arizona Dick. "Somebody offered ye a million fur that hole in the ground on your 'Sweet Mah-ree' claim?"

Missouri Jake waved the sheet of paper around his head, slapped his mighty thigh with his broad and calloused palm, and bent almost double in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Sufferin' Moses!" he yelled. "If this don't beat the band. I reckon there's one in the office for each one o' you. Who'd a' thought it of Runty or of Ma'am Bassett, either?"

The men crowded into the office until the cramped little room was full. Then Missouri Jake stood on a barrel and, assuming an air of great importance and the

tone of an orator, read aloud from the sheet of paper in his hand:

"Mrs. Amanda Ellen Bassett  
Rekests the Honer of yure Company  
to her Marriadge  
to  
Mister John Bagley esk.  
Chrismus Eve  
Desember 24th  
At Her Ressidense.  
It is not good that man should be alone."

This was the joint and labored production of Ma'am Bassett and Runty, the latter having insisted on the Biblical quotation as being "appropriate to the occasion an' soundin' well."

A chorus of wild yells went up from the men when Missouri Jake had read this invitation.

"Who in time is 'Mister John Bagley esk'?" asked Jake, when partial quiet had been restored.

"Runty," replied the postmaster.

"Jiminy crickets!" shrieked Jake. "Wuss an' more of it!" and then the yells of the men broke out afresh.

"Bully for Runty!"

"Three cheers an' a tiger fer both of 'em!"

"Aw, my busted heart!" wailed Missouri Jake. "I had designs in that direction my own self, an' now I've lost her, by dad! Me heart is smashed!"



"IN AN OLD RED CHEST IN HER CABIN WAS HER WEDDING GOWN."

"That's so. No fool like a old fool," said Ma'am Bassett, with a grin.

"You're dead right. Truly hath the poet said, 'It is love that—that—' hanged if I kin remember what

the poet said. Anyhow, I might as well come right to the p'int. Will you marry me? Hold on, ma'am; don't git mad or skeered at a fair question. I know I ain't much to look at an' I ain't a Cræsus in money, but I'm reasonably sound in body an' mind an' I ain't no bad habits. I don't even smoke exceptin' now an' then a seegar on some pertickler occasion. I've got fourteen hundred dollars in bank over in Crystal City an' there's a feller ready to plank down two thousand in cold cash any day I want to take it for a third interest in that Little Rhody mine I own. I'm good-natured if I ain't good-lookin', an' I'd stick to ev'ry blamed thing I agreed to live up to in the weddin' cer'mony. You've buried a husband an' I've buried a wife, so we air both posted on the ins an' outs o' mattemony, an' so I—what do you say?"

She twisted the hem of her faded blue-and-white gingham apron around her forefinger and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"You ain't much to look at, Runty," she said.

"I own up to it, but—but—well, the fact is, there be purtier wimmin in the world than you."

"You're dead right on that p'int. It's six o' one and half a dozen o' the other when it comes to looks, and I—I—well, the older I git the more kind o' lone-some I feel all by my lone self."

"I know the feelin'. An' it ain't a pleasant one. We'd be comp'ny for each other an' I—it's yes, ain't it, Ma'am Bassett?"

"I reckon we're a pair of old fools, Runty, but—but—well, yes!"

A few days later Ma'am Bassett went down the snow-covered trail to the post-office in the camp and dropped a handful of square white envelopes into the letter-box. Half an hour later big Missouri Jake received one of these envelopes when he asked for his mail. He tore it open and drew forth a sheet of paper with two embossed hearts pierced by an arrow, which was one of a number of sheets of similar paper Runty had brought from Crystal City the day before. Missouri Jake glanced at what was written on the sheet of perfumed paper and gave a hilarious yell that brought all the loungers outside to the door of the post-office.

"What's on ye, Bill?" asked Arizona Dick. "Somebody offered ye a million fur that hole in the ground on your 'Sweet Mah-ree' claim?"

Missouri Jake waved the sheet of paper around his head, slapped his mighty thigh with his broad and calloused palm, and bent almost double in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Sufferin' Moses!" he yelled. "If this don't beat the band. I reckon there's one in the office for each one o' you. Who'd a' thought it of Runty or of Ma'am Bassett, either?"

The men crowded into the office until the cramped little room was full. Then Missouri Jake stood on a barrel and, assuming an air of great importance and the

tone of an orator, read aloud from the sheet of paper in his hand:

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UNEXPECTED VISITORS SPOIL THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

Drawn for *Leslie's Weekly* by Hy Mayer.

He made a feint of tearing his hair and weeping like a punished schoolboy.

"What show did ye reckon ye'd have with a born Adonis like Runty in the field?" asked Fighting Bob Masters.

"Where is me hated rival?" howled Jake. "His heart's blood shall flow! Let me get at him! Only death can avenge sich perfidy! By me hallidom she shall be mine or no man's! Zounds! there is blood on the moon!"

Hilarity ran riot when it was found that there were invitations to the wedding for nearly every man in the camp. Ma'am Bassett, already at work on her wedding cake, heard the uproar in the camp below her cabin, and suspected the cause.

"The foolish coots," she said, as she added another handful of raisins to the sticky mass in her mixing-bowl. "But they mean it all right. They're as good-hearted a lot of boys as ever drew breath. But, la, I pity poor Runty. They'll rig him most to death."

Indeed, the "boys" were at that moment preparing to "rig" poor little Runty in a way that would cause that bridegroom-elect much embarrassment. Tying a little pine table to two long poles they tied a chair to the table, and, dragging Runty from his cabin, they lifted him into the chair, elevated the poles to their shoulders, and marched up to Ma'am Bassett's door behind a hastily prepared banner bearing the legend:

"Paradise City's first bridegroom!  
Behold! the conquering hero comes!"

"If you rascals don't beat all when it comes to carryin' on!" said Ma'am Bassett, coming to her door without the least trace of embarrassment. "If I was you, Runty, I'd light down from there and clean out the whole caboodle of 'em."

"Fair maiden," began Missouri Jake, "we come here with thy heart's choice to—"

The sentence was never ended, for Ma'am Bassett suddenly seized a full pail of water on a bench by the door and drenched Jake from head to foot, amid the roars of his companions, none of whom laughed louder or longer than Ma'am Bassett.

"Now, you boys, just let my 'heart's choice' down from there, and don't interrupt my work no longer, or your supply of weddin' cake and other weddin' fixin's may run short. You'll all be up to the weddin', I reckon?"

"Well, I guess!" replied a dozen voices. Leaving her "heart's choice" with Ma'am Bassett, the boys went back to the camp and took counsel together.

"This ain't goin' to be no slouch affair," said Missouri Jake. "When the only lady in Paradise City honors one of our number by bestowin' her affections on him we got to do something to show our 'preciation even if they are warmed-over affections. Ma'am Bassett has stood right by us chaps. She has washed our dirty old duds an' taken some of us when we have been sick an' dead broke—yes, an' she nussed more than one man before me through pneumonia when so many of us had it last winter. Ma'am Bassett's white, that's what she is. She ain't no Lily Langtry in looks, but she's got a great, big, good heart!"

"That's right!" exclaimed several of the men.

"You bet it's right! An' now that she's about to enter the valley an' the shadder o' matrimony—er, no, I guess I ain't got that just right, but you know what I mean! An' you know that Runty is a good little chap that would fall over hisself to do any one a favor. By Jacks! Ma'am Bassett might have looked further an' fared worse in her choice! Runty's all-wool an' a yard wide, if he ain't much more than a yard long! Now, we got to put the feeble things we are pleased to call our brains together, an' think up some way o' doin' the handsome thing by both Runty an' his inamority!"

"Inamority is good!" yelled Big Jack.

"Why didn't you say his fiancy?" asked Cap Davis.

"Shet up, or I'll lick you both with one hand tied behind me! This is a business meetin'."

Runty spent all of the day before Christmas in helping his "fiancy" to prepare for the great event of the evening. The rough walls of the cabin were entirely hidden behind tastefully arranged spruce and hemlock boughs, and a marriage-bell of evergreens and tissue-paper flowers hung from a corner of the cabin ceiling. The floor had been scrubbed to a surprising degree of whiteness, and some lace curtains, relics of her more prosperous days, hung before the two windows of the cabin, while another pair of the lace curtains had been festooned back of the marriage-bell. A bountiful and most tempting array of Ma'am Bassett's excellent pastry covered every shelf in her kitchen, and she had issued one fiat that the men felt compelled to heed.

"I won't allow one drop o' licker drunk at my weddin', boys," she had said. "I'm temp'rance from

the ground up. Licker is a thing of evil, as you boys know, some of you to your sorrow. You may have just all the nice hot coffee an' choc'late you want, an' I'll make up a tub of lem'nade, an' that will have to quench your thirst. No licker at my splicin'!"

Wrapped in a linen sheet, yellow with age, in an old red chest in her cabin, was the wedding gown Ma'am Bassett had worn when she had become a bride for the first time. She had been the daughter of a prosperous farmer, and her wedding gown was quite a handsome affair of bright blue silk elaborately shirred and plaited and flounced.

"I'll look as yaller as a gourd in it," said Ma'am Bassett, as she unwrapped the sheet from around the gown. "But then I'd look like the old scratch in anything. Anyhow, it will fit me as well now as it did then, for I ain't changed five pounds in weight.

might as well be a big fool as a little one, so I'll wear this, too."

Among Runty's possessions was a pair of coarse white cotton gloves he had once worn when he had acted in the mournful capacity of pall-bearer. The gloves were much too large for him, but he wore them with the very shiny new black suit he had bought in Crystal City. A huge artificial white rose was in his buttonhole, and a couple of inches of the edge of a blue-silk handkerchief protruded from the side pocket of his coat. A stiff white-satin tie glistened on his glossy new shirt front, and a diamond sunburst, representing an outlay of sixty cents, was his crowning touch of splendor. His gift to his bride had been a real diamond pin, for which he had paid two hundred dollars. This, her "sole ornament," glistened on her blue-silk chest as "the gift of the bride-groom."

Taffy Buck, so called because of the abundance of his taffy-colored hair and beard, was the justice of the peace in Paradise City, and he performed the wedding ceremony, after which every man present kissed the bride and wrung the hand of Runty until his arm felt as if it were parting from its socket.

Runty and his bride were both thoroughly unselfish, but they confessed to each other that they had "felt it" when the hour came for the wedding and not a single wedding gift had been received. The bride had felt that this would be an occasion when the boys would have the opportunity of proving the sincerity of their protestations of regard for her, and she was well aware of the fact that many of them were her debtors.

"But it don't make a mite o' diff'rence, Runty," she had said. "Times are ruther hard in the camp and we'll make the boys just as welcome as if they had given us what the newspapers call 'presents too numerous to mention.'"

After the voluble and original congratulations, Missouri Jake said:

"Seuse me fer orderin' you out of your own room, Mrs. Bagley, but if you an' Runty would just step into the next room an' abide there until we invite you out, we'd take it kindly."

"I reckon you scalawags are up to some trick," said the bride, as she and Runty complied with Jake's request.

"Now, all hands to work, and rustle that thing right up like lightnin'," commanded Jake, the moment the bride and bridegroom had disappeared.

Thirty minutes later Jake opened the door of the inner room and said:

"Come!"  
The bride came to the door, gave one look into the room, clasped her white-kid-gloved hands together, and gave utterance to a prolonged

"O-o-o-o-h!"  
"G-e-e-e-whizz!" said Runty.  
In the centre of the room stood a Christmas-tree reaching to the ceiling. It was ablaze with candles, and glittering decorations dangled from every limb. Shining new silver dollars, with narrow bands of white ribbon around them, were prominent among the decorations. On the topmost branch shone a new twenty-dollar gold piece, and five-dollar gold pieces glistened among the dark-green branches. Shining silver knives and forks and spoons dangled from some of the branches, while the base of the tree was composed of a mound of candy, nuts, and big yellow oranges."

"With the compliments of the boys," said Jake, with a graceful wave of his hand.

"Heaven bless 'em!" said the bride, fervently.

"Amen!" said Runty.

Later, Jake said to the bride, while he was helping her to cut cake into huge wedges:

"There's a lot of tomfoolery about weddin' presents. We knowed you had no earthly use for a lot o' pickle casters an' silver water pitchers an' candleabra an' pie knives an' such rubbish, so we just voted to buy you a lot of knives an' forks that you could put to real practical use, an' to give you the rest of our little offerin' in cash boddle that you can do as you've a mind to with."

"That's right," said the bride, as she gathered her blue-silk skirt up and pinned it around her waist above her red-flannel petticoat, saying as she did so:

"I don't want to git my weddin' gown spoiled. I might need it sometime for another occasion similar to this—there's no tellin'."

It was long after midnight when the boys went down the trail in the light of the Christmas stars with a Christmas moon riding high above the white peak of Eagle Mountain. Their voices rang up and down the snow-filled gulch as they sang snatches of rollicking songs or called out merry badinage to Runty and his bride standing in the open door of their cabin.

"God bless you ev'ry one," said the bride, fervently.

"And you, too, my—my—dear," said little Runty, with his honest face shining like the stars above him.

## Watching for Santa Claus

FROM Florida's golden orange-groves  
To rocky shores of Maine,  
A million happy children watch  
For Santa Claus again.  
They sit together round the fire  
And will not go to bed,  
But listen for the silver chime  
Of sleigh-bells overhead.

THEY picture him a jolly man  
With beard of flowing white,  
And eyes that twinkle like the stars  
Upon a frosty night.  
They wish for all the gorgeous gifts  
The glittering shops display:  
He could not bring the half they want  
In his capacious sleigh.



THE child of luxury awakes  
On Christmas morn to find  
A wealth of rare and costly toys  
Of every shape and kind,  
But scattered on the nursery floor  
Neglected soon they lie,  
With battered wheels and broken springs,  
Or legs and arms awry.

AMONG the crowded tenements,  
Up many a narrow stair  
The dawn goes stealing like a ghost  
To find no Christmas there,  
But empty hands and lonely hearts  
Where joy and mirth are not,  
And baby faces pinched and pale  
By Santa Claus forgot.

BUT hark! was that the winter wind  
That shook the chimney tall,  
And made the soot in flaky showers  
Upon the hearth-stone fall?  
Lo! while the drowsy golden heads  
Are nodding in a row  
The saint has filled their stockings up,  
And vanished in the snow.

TARRY TOWN.

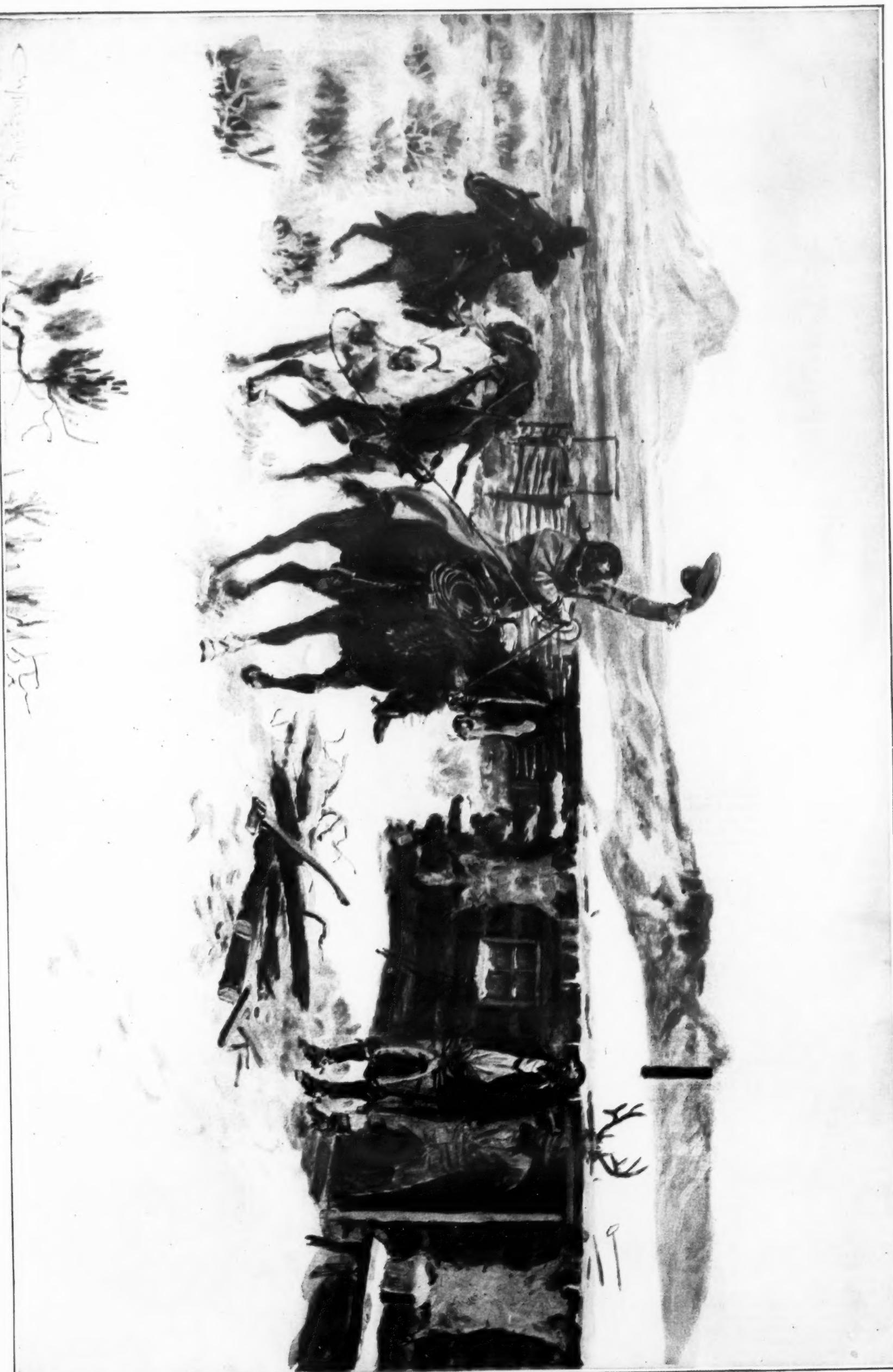
I'll just bet some o' the boys will snort right out when they see my paws in these white-kid gloves!"

The kid gloves in question had fallen from the folds of the gown, for they, too, had been a part of her first wedding trousseau. Ma'am Bassett picked them up in a soberly reminiscent mood.

"Land! how well I remember the day I bought these gloves—the first and only white-kid gloves I ever had or ever wanted, they make one's hands look so corpse-like."

A wreath of cheap artificial roses came from a flat green box in the trunk.

"My weddin' wreath," said Ma'am Bassett. "I



"CHRISTMAS AT THE LINE CAMP."

CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN THE FAR WEST—CATTLEMEN IN A CABIN ON THE SNOWY RANGE VISITED BY JOLLY COWBOYS, WHO BRING SUPPLIES AND GOOD CHEER.

*Drawn by Charles M. Russell, the famous "Cowboy artist."*

# JEMIMA'S ADVENTURES IN NEW YORK\*

No. 10.—Jemima's Christmas at Enfield Centre

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood



"CLIMBED ON TO HER OLD PLACE."

**JEMIMA'S DECISION** for an early wedding occasioned great disturbance in the domestic life at the Harlem flat. "I suppose, Carrie," said Miss Andrews, with resignation, "that you will be the next to go. It's bad enough for these young girls to be entering matrimony, but if you give up your career for the sake of Otis Hart I shall feel that woman doesn't deserve emancipation."

Cousin Carrie smiled inscrutably. She and Uncle Otis were exasperatingly uncommunicative. "Perhaps you'll be getting married yourself," she suggested. "You forget that I am wedded to my art," said Miss Andrews, with a severity which forbade frivolous treatment.

"If Lillie would only stay in New York," said Cousin Carrie, dropping the marriage question and returning to practical difficulties confronting them, "we could afford to keep the flat very well." Lillie Renton was a young friend of Miss Andrews's from Harrisburg, who was pursuing a course in manicuring and hairdressing at the famous Sanders School. She had taken Gwendolyn Hodge's place in the flat, but she completed her studies at Christmas-time and was planning to return home and open an establishment in Harrisburg.

"I suspicion there's a man at the bottom of that," said Miss Andrews, cynically. "Mrs. Henderson offered her a position in our manicure department, with a good salary and a chance for lots of tips, but she'd rather go back to a small city and be her own boss."

"Mrs. White told me to-day," put in Jemima, stopping her packing to join in the conference, "that she was tired of boarding, and was thinking of going to housekeeping. Why don't you sub-let the flat to her, and you and Cousin Carrie go into bachelor apartments?" It was an excellent idea for solving the difficulty, and the deserted Harlemites at once put it into execution.

When Miss Andrews spoke of her art she did not refer to her profession of saleslady, in which, by the way, she had achieved marked success. Her gentle refinement appealed to "the store's best line of customers," and the department held many chances for advancement. But the spirit of commercialism in this direct dealing with dollars and cents was trying to one of intellectual tastes. She had long desired to join the ranks of the stenographers, and that fall had taken an evening course in shorthand and type-writing at the Young Women's Christian Association. Nor had she hitched her chariot to a star in vain. A prospective vacancy in the advertising department was offered her, and the first of January she would take up her work with the brilliant wits who composed poems and covered many columns in the daily papers with the labor of their pens.

Jemima was at home again. Every reader of the *Grape Belt* had been put in possession of that bit of social intelligence. The news had been well circulated throughout Silver Creek, while Enfield Centre could talk of nothing else. Last winter Jemima had left the home of her fathers a subject of that mild derision which is the portion of the erratic experimenter. She returned, after ten months, a celebrity, to receive the unconcealed adulation due the victor. Father met her at the Silver Creek station—with a careful eye to stage effects Jemima had chosen a train which did not stop at Enfield Junction. The new buggy bought with the fall "grape money" was christened for the occasion, and father himself was resplendent in a large green stud and a store pair of red-worsted gloves.

The tales of Jemima's New York achievements had lost nothing from month to month repetition, and when father drew up at the bank her reception was little less than an ovation. The clerks, whom she had always regarded as the acme of masculine perfection, gave one glance at the young queen and turned out in a body to welcome her. The shopkeepers, to whom she had hitherto been one of 'Squire Hickson's girls, put on their most respectful manner and inquired after the business situation in New York. The teachers from the academy, the minister's wife, all Jemima's friends and schoolmates, clustered about the buggy, eager for recognition; while the unknown were forced to hang upon the outskirts, craning their necks for a glimpse of the enthroned city belle.

No dramatic value of the situation was lost on Jemima. Even while she was bestowing hand-clasps *a la* New York and metropolitan kisses on the cheek, she watched the open admiration of the Slocum girls, the village belles, and caught Miss Landers, the dressmaker, taking notes on her long silk coat. It was an intoxicating moment. Jemima and the Roman

generals could have shaken hands on the subject of triumph.

The grape-vines had put on their winter red, the trees were bare, and Lake Erie in the distance was flinging a challenge to the north wind, as they turned in at the familiar maple-lined driveway and drew up at the horse-block. Forgetful of lately-acquired manners, Jemima rushed into the arms of a waiting family. The haunting fear had been growing in mother's mind that after a residence in New York her daughter would return to scorn things rural and domestic. But her last doubt of Jemima's constancy vanished when, after surveying the new parlor carpet and the lately-added summer kitchen, she stopped before the flower-stand in the bay-window.

"Why, ma!" she exclaimed, "look at how your wax-plant has grown, and see all the buds on your fuchsia. I bet Mrs. Shannon can't beat that."

The culture of house plants had always been Mrs. Hickson's pride. Father was not so easily assured. He was a New Englander, born and bred on a Vermont farm. The barren soil and the gaunt rocks had left their imprint in deep but undemonstrative affections and strong reserve. All the way up from the train he had been quietly taking the measure of this *chic* young Gothamite. He had searched beneath her airy manner and her gay persiflage to discover what manner of daughter had come back to him from the great city. Jemima "took after her father," and between the two existed a passionate attachment seldom expressed, but patent to all who had seen them together.

It was not until milking-time that Jemima had a chance to tear herself away from her engrossing family—Sister Maud was there with the two babies, one of whom Jemima had never seen before—and make a

honor to work under Jemima's instructions. Jemima had brought home many ravishing materials and a whole sheaf of patterns bought from headquarters. The said dressmaker freely confessed that she had never before in one week cut up so many yards of cloth.

The young people were in danger of having their heads completely turned by Jemima's accounts of New York society. They reveled in the descriptions of Tim Davis's Fifth Avenue home, and called again and again for the story of the play at Lindenhurst. They were resolved that Enfield Centre should put its social foot to the fore, and sleigh-rides, surprise-parties, and Christian Endeavor festivals followed in rapid succession. Even Adam Lyman, the postmaster, felt a great proprietorship in Jemima's visit. Upon him devolved the task of getting her daily letter into the East-bound mail, and of delivering safely into the hands of Ralph, her young brother, her many epistles postmarked "New York." She was in close communication with Gwendolyn Mulligan, also, who had agreed to keep her posted on everything new that came out.

This year the Enfield Centre First Presbyterian Church, owing to repairs being made upon the church, was to give its annual Christmas entertainment in the school-house on Christmas night. They had waited until the grape crop was in and the bank account large, to shingle the roof and lay a new carpet. One afternoon Jemima returned from a meeting of the entertainment committee, on which she was serving as *ex-officio* member, to find Mr. Otis Hart waiting for her in the sitting-room. Young Tom Hart, by the way, had met Jemima without a pang, and the very evening of her arrival he had driven Jane to a lecture at the normal school, as proudly as if he had never sued in vain for Jemima's hand.

Otis Hart, drawn up before the cheerful coal-stove and making polite conversation with Mrs. Hickson, bore a look of determination which warned Jemima of the developments to follow.

"Your Cousin Carrie," he began, when mother had withdrawn to confer with the cream gatherer, "has just refused me for the tenth time since last Fourth of July."

"Indeed," said Jemima; "a man who'll propose to the same woman ten times in five months deserves to lose her. That's no way to get a wife."

"Well, you see," apologetically explained Otis, "when she went to New York ten years ago I just gave up all hope and thought there was no use. Then this summer I began again, and I vowed to ask her once for each of the years I'd missed, and if I didn't get her then, I'd try some other way. I'm not going to give her up till I'm eighty."

"That's the right spirit; it's the only way nowadays," said Jemima, approvingly, with the wisdom of an engaged girl who has safely passed her first quarrel and is on the home-stretch. "Why, Arthur says he knows that if he had ever let himself give up hope for one minute he would have lost me. You know, I think Cousin Carrie is almost ready to take you, but she has got in the habit of refusing you every other week, and it is hard to break it."

"She says she'll never come back and live in Sharon," said Hart, disconsolately.

"Nonsense," said Jemima. "Cousin Carrie has worked for her living long enough, and she'd enjoy being a celebrity here."

"I've told her that she could go to New York twice a year, and I'm having the place all fixed up for her, but I don't know what to do next. If you'd only suggest some way——"

"Suppose you leave it in my hands"—the match-making spark dormant in all women leaped into flame—"and I'll see what I can do. I'll get Gwen Mulligan to help, too."



"LISTENED AGHAST TO THE TALES OF WISE & FOX METHODS."

visit to the barn. Father, sitting on the milking-stool that Jemima remembered from a child, was beginning on the line of waiting cows. Without a word she set about her old-time task of hunting eggs in the hay, measuring out corn for the hens, and feeding her own mare, Brown Bess.

These homely, familiar tasks performed, and the separation of ten months counted for nothing. Forgetful of her new suit, Jemima climbed on to her old place on the manger and plied father with questions about the grape crop, the Grange, and the beet-sugar projects, until he left his milking to the boy and took her out to see the new silo pit and the bit of pasture land he had reclaimed from the Indian swamp. When Sister Jane came to corral them for supper she found the two absorbed in an examination of the new separator, while Jemima described the methods of a large Jersey dairy she and Arthur had visited. The kitchen lamp was sending out a bright path as Jemima and father walked across the barnyard, father's hand resting approvingly on Jemima's head, father's proud glance worth all the vainglorious admiration of a dozen Silver Creeks. Ah, it was good to be at home!

Enfield Centre had no intention of neglecting the opportunities afforded by Jemima's visit. The Hicksons, who had always been known for hospitality, now kept open house. All hours of the day saw teams hitched in the side yard, and the sitting-room—where Jemima was doing her sewing—might have been a reception-hall. Mrs. Shannon declared: "It's a liberal education to hear that girl talk. I've learned more about clothes than I ever got out of the *Ladies' Wardrobe*, after all these years I've took it." Henry Anderson, proprietor of the Silver Creek dry-goods emporium, listened aghast to the tales of Wise & Fox methods. Miss Heldon, the village dressmaker, was



"'ALLOW ME,' SAID PARSON ELDRIDGE."

"If you only would," the grateful Otis Hart stammered.

"But you must put yourself in our hands completely and obey our instructions to the letter, or we won't undertake the case."

Hart looked dubious.

"To begin with, you musn't write Cousin Carrie a word until I give you permission."

"But I always write her twice a week," objected the faithful Otis.

"That's just why; you've given her too many oats. She needs a change in feed."

"I'm putting my life's happiness in your hands," he declared, as he pulled on his heavy driving-gloves and got into his big overcoat, "and I guess you and Mrs. Mulligan can pull me out, if any one can."

Jemima proceeded to pull him out. She enlisted the services of both Mulligans and of Arthur. Cousin Carrie became wrapped in a network of plots and intrigues worthy of a Russian anarchist. To her surprise at receiving no letters from the scorned Otis was added the astonishment of hearing of his devotion to the pretty teacher at the Silver Creek Academy — who was a graduate of Meadville College. The rumor reached her that he had bought two season tickets instead of one for the lecture course given under the auspices of the ladies' aid society of the Silver Creek Methodist Church. She also heard from more sources than one that Otis Hart was painting his house. It was when Gwendolyn Mulligan mentioned, quite casually, that she heard the Silver Creek Academy had sent to a New York teachers' agency for a new teacher that Cousin Carrie sat down and thought it out.

It is one thing to have a man, after ten years of faithful waiting, languish with a broken heart. It is another to see him gayly console himself with a young thing of a school-teacher, whose hats are probably three seasons old, and who has never heard of the latest-shaped waist-line. It was scarcely surprising, then, that when Cousin Carrie's parents pleaded with her to come home for Christmas she promptly obtained a leave of absence and accepted the invitation. When Otis Hart heard the good news he came over and almost broke down in his efforts to express his gratitude.

"Now," said Jemima, with satisfaction, "you'll have three solid weeks of her, and if you can't settle matters with the help of moonlight sleigh-rides and skillful management you don't deserve to get her."

Christmas, which was a subordinate detail to the Hicksons in the light of the great event scheduled for New Year's day, was spent at Sister Maud's in Silver Creek, where the three-year-old Jimmy was initiated into the mysteries of a tree. Arthur Connett was expected later in the day, and the whole family were focusing their interests on that dramatic occurrence. Great was their surprise when he arrived, out of an orthodox Christmas snow-storm, in time to assist Maud's husband in distributing the gifts. Through the consideration of head-of-stock — himself lately married — he had caught an early train. Jemima spent a nervous half-hour in watching the reception of the prospective son-in-law. But the man who had won her found little difficulty in making a conquest of her family. When the women retired to the dining-room to put forward preparations for dinner, Arthur was comfortably settled with one of James's cigars, listening to father's discourse on the evils of modern politics.

The distressing news reached them that Cousin Carrie's train had been snowed in. She had been expected at noon, and there was no telling when she would get through.

"And I had so carefully planned the entertainment to-night to show Otis Hart off at his best," confided Jemima to Arthur; "he is to be Santa Claus, and I know he'd make an impression."

However, Jemima's intentions did not go by default. On stopping at the station on their way back to Enfield Centre and the school-house entertainment, they discovered that the train was due in ten minutes.

"Where's Hart?" said Arthur, looking about; "he'll never get a Hickson if he doesn't keep on the jump."

When the belated train, weary and snow-laden, pulled slowly in, the watchers at the station were surprised to see the vestibuled platforms crowded with laughing groups. Evidently the imprisonment had not been tedious. The train was full of delayed college students, and as it came to a stop the sounds of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played on banjos and sung to the familiar "Done, done, and can't be undone," were distinctly audible. There was revelry abroad. Parson Eldridge and his wife alighted amid cheers. Following them came Cousin Carrie and — was it a dream? — Mr. Otis Hart. The chef from the dining-car dashed up with a bowl of rice, the chorus changed to

Here's to the Harts — drink them down;  
Here's to the Harts — drink them down.  
Here's to the Harts, for they never more will part,  
Drink them down, drink them down,  
Drink them down, down, down.

The porter threw a large rubber boot left by the rescue crew and the train steamed out with a puff of satisfaction.

"Allow me," said Parson Eldridge, with a flourish worthy of the occasion, indicating the rice-strewn couple, "to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Otis Hart."

Jemima and Arthur were beyond speech.

"You see," explained Otis, proudly offering Cousin Carrie his arm, "I went up to Buffalo to meet Carrie. We got snowed in, and they said we might be blocked for a week. Carrie said it wasn't proper for me to travel with her so long alone, so Parson Eldridge just up and tied the knot."

at the Christmas season these find an occasion particularly welcome to them. There is so much sentiment in the sending of Christmas gifts that the problem confronting the post-office and express companies in the transmission of millions of expressions of fine impulses that are concealed with paper and tied with string becomes a problem past solving.

"If the people would only mail their Christmas presents earlier, if every one would not wait until the very last minute to send his or her packages, the situation would be very much improved," said an official at the New York post-office. Then he added: "But you can't expect that. Every year we receive hundreds of packages that are marked, 'Don't deliver this until Christmas day!' So you can't expect people to change their course much in this matter."

Because the packages which the express companies carry are so much larger and of so much greater weight (mail packages being limited to four pounds), the former are more seriously burdened than the post-office at the holiday season. On a single day, at the height of the Christmas rush, the express companies doing business in the city of New York receive and send out 7,500,000 pounds of express matter. Three thousand seven hundred and fifty tons of Christmas presents in one day! And this is enough to fill about four hundred express cars. One company alone employs in a day at this time 170 of its cars.

Attention to details by the senders of this myriad of bun-

dles, details which were pointed out by a superintendent of one of the express companies, would greatly facilitate the delivery of these packages and thereby serve two purposes — relieving the toil of the express employés and making more prompt and sure the delivery of the gifts. The first warning of the superintendent was for the senders of bundles to get their packages to the express offices earlier. The Christmas parcels begin arriving on the 17th of December. And for eight days the flood is on. In thousands of instances the person who leaves a package at the express office, calculating, as he thinks, exactly the time of its delivery, is disappointed in learning afterward that the destination was reached a day or two after the holiday.

"Another important thing for the sender to know," said the superintendent, "is that packages should be tied up as strongly as possible. Don't be afraid to use plenty of paper and twine. Put two or three thicknesses of paper around the bundle, so that if the outside sheet is torn the present sent will not be exposed. A package is handled a good many times before it reaches the consignee, and the men who handle it are in a great rush. They have no time to use extreme care or pains. Frequently their fingers catch the paper of a bundle and tear it, as they lift the package into the car or out of it. And senders should use good, strong string, so that if the express handler should catch hold of a package by the cord, the cord won't break.

"You would be surprised if you saw the flimsy bundles that are sometimes brought in here. Women, particularly, do not seem to appreciate the necessity of strong wrapping on Christmas gifts. I have known them to bring parcels here that were covered with paper held together by pins! If you have anything that is particularly valuable or fragile you should put it in a wooden box. Then, when a heavier package is put on top of it the lighter one will not be crushed. It would be a great benefit to people if they would use more wooden boxes. Such things as ladies' hats, for instance, should be sent in such boxes, because there is great danger that the light pasteboard box will not stand the strain. In arranging express matter in the cars we always endeavor to put the heavier pieces at the bottom, but the rush of the season makes the most careful sorting impossible. So you can appreciate the importance to the sender and the prospective receiver of Christmas packages of a strong covering.

"And great care should be taken in writing the address on a package. The name of the person to whom the parcel is sent should be written plainly and in large letters. If this were always done the work of the express handlers could be done much more quickly. The man in the darkness of a car often has to spend too much time in studying out an address that is written in a small, indistinct hand. I have known many instances in which addresses were written across the package just where the paper overlapped. Half the name would be on one part of the paper and half on another.

"Sometimes the paper would be torn, and half the address would be lost. It is very important that the sender of every Christmas present should write his name on the package and on the same side of it as that where the name of the consignee appears. Persons sometimes object to doing this because they wish the present to be a complete surprise. But they would be wise to forego this pleasure to insure the safe return of the parcel in case the address were torn off or the consignee not found.

"Packages are often directed to small and obscure villages, and the name of the county in which the

*Continued on page 552.*

## THE VIGIL

THE stars are bright o'er a world of white—  
O'er valley and plain and hill,  
Wrapped deep in cold is the waiting wold,  
Frozen the air, and still.

And still the house, save for clock and mouse,  
The family all asleep;  
While propped in bed, with your tousled head,  
You vigil alone do keep.

“TUT, tut! tick, tock!” says the parlor clock—  
Wrathful and loud the sound;  
How does it know, down there below,  
Your eyes are big and round?

“One, two, three, four—nine, ten!” one more—  
Eleven! Tis monstrous late!  
Is that Santa Claus? No, a sly mouse gnaws,  
Dear, dear! so long to wait!

THE floor goes “creak,” but you dare not speak,  
As stiffened you lie and list;  
And now a “snap,” like a sharp “gid-dap”!  
Is Santa approaching? Hist!

Not yet. You yawn. Here’s the half-hour gone.  
Waxes the Christmas eve.  
Your eyes you close—but, as goodness knows,  
‘Tis only in make-believe.

A MOMENT, just, as you fondly trust—  
Or till you a hundred count;  
So you rest in bliss (since your eyes insist)  
While slowly the figures mount.

At fifty-five you are scarce alive—  
“Sixt’-six—sixt’-six”—how thin  
Your voice, anon—“Merry Christmas, John!”  
And Santa, the rogue, has been!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

“By Jove! Hart” — Connell gave that gentleman's hand a powerful grip — “you're all right.”

Cousin Carrie had disappeared within Jemima's arms.

“There's a reception waiting for you at the schoolhouse,” informed Jemima, as she released the bride to congratulate the groom, “and we'd better all hurry up.”

Jemima drew a long sigh as she and Arthur started off in the cutter. The Harts were following in the station team.

“Now, Wise & Fox will have something to talk about,” she declared.

Jemima's Adventures in New York will be continued in the New Year's Number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, which will appear December 29th. It will contain an account of her wedding at the Hickson farm-house.—Editor.

## THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

(ACCORDING TO TOMMY.)

THE trees in our orchard and down by the well  
In summer-time give us our cider and jell;  
The apples and peaches, the quinces and pears,  
The plums I can pick from my window up stairs.  
All grow in the summer; and oh! it's a treat  
To have all the nice juicy fruit you can eat.  
But none of the summer stuff satisfies me!  
Like that which we pick from the Christmas-tree!

THE fruit of the summer is good in its place—  
With stone-bruisy feet and with tan on your face  
It's fine to climb up where the robins have found  
A nice yellow apple all mellow and round,  
And take it away from the robber so bold  
While he and his mate fly around you and scold.  
It's fun at the time, but it never could be  
As nice as the fun of the Christmas-tree.

ONE time I remember my bad cousin Jim  
Dared Charley and me to climb out on a limb  
No bigger than one of my thumbs; and I did  
'Cause Jimmy was calling me “Sissy-boy kid.”  
The limb—well, you're certain what happened, I guess,  
And Jim got a whipping; ‘cause big sister Bess  
Told Jim's pa and ma what had happened to me—  
I never fell out of a Christmas-tree.

THE Christmas-tree grows in a night, and it bears  
Things lots and lots nicer than apples and pears—  
I've seen on its branches doll-babies and drums  
And steam-cars and soldiers and big sugar-plums;  
I've gathered new mittens and picture-books, too,  
Right off from the bent-over twig where they grew.  
And candies grow lighted there, so you can see  
'Fore daylight the things on the Christmas-tree!

SOMETIMES in the parlor, sometimes in the hall,  
Sometimes in the dining-room—best place of all—  
The Christmas-tree grows with its wonderful fruit,  
And sometimes it has a pine-box for a root!  
The funny thing is that I oftentimes find  
Right there what for weeks I had had on my mind.  
And always, on Christmas, who wants to see me  
Had better look under the Christmas-tree.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

## The Yearly Deluge of Christmas Gifts.

EVEN THE heart that all the year round is locked  
opens at Christmas-time. The man who practices  
constant self-denial in the joy of giving indulges himself  
perforce when the holidays come. And mothers  
and fathers who overflow always with love for their  
children, and the children who would add comforts and  
pleasures to the lives of the mothers and fathers—



DICKIES CHRISTMAS DELIGHT



FLORENCE AND HER CHRISTMAS MUFF

FANNY



MARGARET ENJOYS HER NOAH'S ARK



MARTHA'S BEST CHRISTMAS DOLLY

PAUL RE

IN THE CHILDREN'S JOYOUS WORLD  
LITTLE ONES SHOWING THEIR DEEP DELIGHT IN WISHED

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Florence E.



FANNY AND HER CHRISTMAS DOLL



SOLEMN SAMMY'S SUGAR STICK



PAUL READY FOR THE CHRISTMAS VISIT TO GRANDMA

S WORLD ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

IN WISHED-FOR GIFTS RECEIVED FROM SANTA CLAUS.

by Florence England Nosworthy.



CHARLEY AND HIS CHOO-CHOO CARS



## LITTLE DICK'S CHRISTMAS-TREE

By Victor Smith

"I WISH we had remained in New York," said Podmore to his wife Sally. "I'm tired of seeing those school-children walk across our grass. The little scoundrels! Look at 'em now! Look at that 'mamma's little ray of sunshine'—that fellow with the yellow hair. If I get hold of him I'll wring his neck."

The postman brought the mail as Podmore was hanging a new thermometer in the front porch.

"You ain't goin' to leave it out nights?" he asked.

"Certainly; I want to keep a record of the weather."

"Better chain it down, then; it'll be stolen before bed-time."

"What? Do you mean that any one would dare to steal it off the wall?"

"That's just what'll become of it. Your neighbor down on the next corner had the blinds stolen off his windows. Somebody was in need of fire-wood. They'll steal anything out here. They stole my bulldog."

"My boy left his wagon in the street for five minutes; when he went for it, it was gone. I charged that theft to some truckman from the city."

"Truckman! Shucks! I saw that wagon on the hill last week. Joe Billups's boy got it. I thought you must have given it to him."

"No; I have looked high and low. The confounded little thief! I feel like killing the whole lot."

"They are about the worst on earth out here."

"Why, the other day my boy built a fort out of snow-bricks which he moulded himself in a tin cracker-box. He worked at it all day, and, if I do say it myself, he made a fine job of it. Just as soon as dark came two little curs came along, kicked it down, and ran off with the bricks. If I could have caught them I'd have turned the hose on 'em. The miserable little beasts!"

"That ain't nothin' at all. I had twenty-two young ducklings in my pond, an', so help me, they came along an' drowned 'em all. I had 'em arrested, but their parents begged so hard I let 'em off."

"You don't say so! The carpenters were re-shingling my roof the other day, and my boy wanted to gather up all the old shingles to use for kindling-wood. While he was at school the little devils stole the whole business."

"Well, say! That ain't nothin'. There are three sisters down the street a bit, about eight, ten, and twelve years old. They are spider-legged girls. They've got legs like granddaddies, so help me. Well, sir, those sisters get up at daylight an' wander all over the neighborhood to steal wood an' coal. Each has a two-wheeled wagon, an' you can see 'em goin' home with loads of lumber."

"My boy came home the other day without his rubber boots, and didn't like to tell me what had become of 'em. I have learned since that some of his playmates threw him down and took 'em off him. I'm laying for them."

"I hope you'll catch 'em. This neighborhood wants to be cleaned out. Missed any coal yet?"

"Coal? I don't believe they would go into my cellar to steal coal."

"They wouldn't, eh? Wait till you've been here through the winter. It's a cinch they'll do you. You are dead easy. Look out for that thermometer. You want to get a few staples an' some copper wire to anchor it with. What's it? One of these mercurial instruments? Yes; I see it is. I wouldn't leave an alcohol one hangin' out. Some fellow with a thirst on would crack it to get a drink. Well, so long. I have to keep my bag locked all the time to keep 'em from stealin' the mail as I travel my route."

Podmore said to his wife at dinner: "Sally, don't leave anything outside. This is the worst neighborhood we ever lived in."

"Haven't I been telling you so these seven months? I would not leave a dish-towel on the line at night, nor a floor-rag, even. Why

don't you have a policeman stationed on the corner?"

"I don't like to go to extremes. I like to be popular in the community in which we exist. At times I lose patience with the children of the neighborhood. They are little 'varmints.' They are vermin. If I could get hold of those little thieves I'd tie 'em to a post in the cellar and drown 'em. I can't get over their stealing my gourds. Why, they crawled up on their knees and stole them in broad daylight. I wouldn't have taken ten dollars apiece for those gourds."

"How about your cantaloupes?"

"Oo-oo-oo! Yes! The brats! My precious cantaloupes! I worked harder over them than any one would believe, and the contemptible little curs destroyed the whole patch!"

"And your tomatoes?"

"Great Scott! Wasn't I mad? Do you know why I don't cut loose and kill a few score of those whelps? I'll tell you. Our boy is ten years old. If we make enemies of the young puppies of the neighborhood they will catch him out some day and beat the life out of him. That's the way they get even. Now that Dick's shoulder is broken he is helpless, poor boy. If I dare to lick one of 'em I'll have all the fathers and mothers in ten miles around after me. Never attack a neighbor's children."

"I wish you would do something. They insult me every day. When you are in town they take all sorts of liberties. Seven of them passed here the other day and were about to steal one of my rugs, when I ran to the door and ordered them away. And what do you suppose they did? They made faces at me and cried out, 'Sick your old mut on us!'"

"What did the audacious little olive branches mean by that?"

"Why, Ola, of course. Every child in the vicinity knows that Ola, our poor old dog, wouldn't hurt a fly, and they were giving me the laugh. Sick Ola on them—the 'old mut.'"

"I wish I had been here."

"If you had been you'd have killed the whole lot, for they were predatory. Can't you do something to banish the bantlings of the neighborhood?"

"I'm afraid not. The other day I asked Mrs. Quigley, our washerwoman, what ought to be done, and she said, 'Chase 'em.' I told her that chasing did no good, and she said, 'Well, sohr, that's about the limit of what yo' kin do. Yo' can't kill 'em widout goin' to the penitentiary, or layin' yo'self liable to their parents. They're that mean down my way that they'll steal window-panes out of the windows, an' it's no lie I'm tellin' yo'. Wherever yo' go chillun's bad—very bad an' unreasonin'. It's the same all over. She's all right—is Mrs. Quigley. The only thing to do is chase 'em."

"The strange thing about it all is that the girls out here are as bad as the boys—or worse. They are the fiercest lot of hotheadish wenches I ever came across. I hate the sight of them."

"Sal, old girl, let's quit abusing the darlings. Possibly our boy is as much hated by our neighbors as we hate other boys. Let's be charitable. Let's heap coals of fire on the young heads of this community."

"How can you do it?"

"Let's have a Christmas-tree out in the front yard, with a present for every child under twelve years. I should guess there are in all about a hundred and twenty-five. We can let it be generally known that we are to have a tree without sending out special invitations. I should like to see how soon the little thieves will skin it. They'll be around in the afternoon watching me plant it, and I'll leave it out all night, with the presents on. What do you say?"

"There won't be a present left ten minutes after dark. They will steal everything, even the tree."

"Well, let 'em do it. The presents won't cost much. Will you go in with me on this?"

"Surely. I'll go to town to-morrow and buy the presents. You get a big, big tree and plant it right in front of the parlor window."

"I'll get so big a tree that a hundred of them couldn't tote it off. As for the presents, let 'em steal. What do we care?"

On the afternoon of the 24th all the little whipper-snappers and hobbledehoys of the neighborhood gathered to watch Podmore set out a splendid Christmas-tree in his front yard. The job was finished about three o'clock, and he then began to crowd the branches with all sorts of toys and sweet things. He had happened to mention his intentions to some friends in Wall Street.

"I've got the very worst gang of thieves that ever infested a county," he said. "They range from five to twelve years of age, and I'm going to give every one of 'em a Christmas present. Heaping coals, you know."

Several brokers were interested, and before the tree was planted big boxes of presents arrived. The whole thing cost Podmore about twenty-five dollars. At dusk the tree was finished and laden, and all that remained was to see how quickly the little thieves would skin it. Mr. and Mrs. Podmore always have friends at dinner on Christmas eve, and on this occasion the guests were advised that a new kind of entertainment awaited them after the coffee and cigars.

"We are among thieves out here, you know," explained the host; "young brats of thieves; and we shall heap coals of fire on their heads. Every mother's son and daughter of them ought to be in the reformatory. We can't say as yet whether the girls or the boys are the more likely candidates for the penitentiary. All perfect little heathens, you understand. Neither soul nor conscience. Children of the neighborhood—all brought up to steal and rob."

At ten o'clock one of the guests remarked, "I have seen scores of children about your tree, Podmore, but they haven't taken it off yet. And, so far as I can tell, they have failed to help themselves to the presents intended for them."

"Just be patient, Emerick," replied Podmore, genially. "You are too charitable. Do you know it's mighty cold? Suppose we all warm up with a glass or two of egg-nog."

"Going to invite the children in?"

"Children be hanged! Those little thieves!"

"Papa, papa!" sang out poor, emaciated, broken-shouldered Dick, who had scarcely taken his eye off the tree since dark; "there's more than a thousand children looking at the Christmas-tree, and I think they are getting ready to help themselves to the presents Santa Claus brought them."

Emerick, a stock-broker, by the way, looked out. "Ch, not quite a thousand, Dick, my boy, but at least one for each present—one hundred and twenty-five. It is eleven o'clock, Podmore, and not a present gone yet."

"I can't understand it," said the host. "I had given them till nine o'clock to clean off everything in a mad



"BUT, CHILDREN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

scramble when they thought we were not looking. They ought to be in bed. Here, Dick, get to bed. How's your shoulder? Fine? Always fine, even if you were dying. To-morrow's Christmas, and you want to get up at daylight to see what Old Santy has left in your stocking. I guess I'll go out and give those little hounds a chase. Strange, isn't it, that their parents don't make them stay indoors such a night as this. By Jove! it's snowing. Going to be a blizzard."

"The snow will drive them home," said Emerick. "And that's where I'm going to betake myself. Merry Christmas, everybody!"

All the guests had departed at midnight. The snow was coming down in flakes the size of a half-dollar, and the wind was blowing a gale. Podmore said to his wife:

"Sally, I guess we'd better go to bed and leave the tree to the tender mercies of those villainous kids. I hardly think they will touch it while we are watching."

Taking a last look out of his bedroom window, Podmore saw shadowy forms hovering about the front yard.

"Half-past twelve, and they won't go home," he remarked. "Now that the lights are out they will begin their depredations."

The earth was covered to a depth of twelve inches with beautiful, chaste, frozen snow when the Podmore family arose next morning. Father, mother, and son hastened to the parlor window to see what had happened to the Christmas-tree.

"Why, bless my stars, there it is," said Podmore, rubbing his eyes. "Not a sprig missing."

"How funny the present look," Mrs. Podmore remarked. "Some are quite concealed by their snowy covering, while others have not even a flake of snow upon them. How could that have happened?"

Podmore looked critically. "That's strange. That's very strange. Now, how on earth can you account for that? Oh! It's plain enough, Sally. See those children hiding under the branches? Each has a stick, and they are knocking the snow off the presents."

"No, papa, they are hanging things up," said Dick. "There's those three bad Garlin girls, that steal wood all the time. See! Look! They are fastening something to a limb with a piece of string."

"Tut-tut, my boy. Let me see. You are right! Sally, what do you make out of that? See those wretched girls, with the granddaddy legs; they seem to be tying something on to the branches. And if I am not mistaken, there's that Joe Billups helping them—the little villain that stole Dick's wagon. And here comes another pack of the varmints—all with packages of some kind."

"There's Ella Mosley, papa. She's the girl that the car run over. See, she has crutches."

"Who are those two ugly boys?"

"George Boyd and Lawrence Dewitt; they are the ones that kicked down my snow fort."

"The little curs! What can they all be after? I can't stand this any longer."

It was bitter cold. As he stepped out on the porch Podmore, warm in his fox-lined overcoat, noticed that the children, many but poorly clad, were shivering.

There was a chorus of, "Howdy, Mr. Podmore! Merry Christmas! How's Dick?"

A shot in the face could not have so staggered the man. After an inward struggle he stammered:

"But—children—boys and girls—what'er—what are you doing here?"

"Mr. Podmore," said Spokesman Joe Billups, "we waited around here nearly all night to hang some little presents on Dick's Christmas-tree, but you all watched us so close we dasn't. We thought you wouldn't be up till late this morning, so we're doin' it now. You don't mind if we—"

Podmore reeled back into the parlor, completely overcome, and dropped into a chair.

"Sally," he groaned, in anguish of spirit, "those children—those boys and girls out there—are not little thieves and curs! May the great God forgive me! Sally, they are angels!"

And then there was a distribution of presents and a howling wilderness of happiness for a long time after.

### Mrs. Santa Claus.

IS SANTA CLAUS married? Is it even possible that he is a bigamist? The small citizens the length

and breadth of the United States seem to know only the man of the Claus family, but there are different stories to tell in Germany and Italy. In each land is there a Mrs. Santa, though she is not called by that name. In Germany she is beautiful and majestic; in Italy, an ugly little old lady—yet in each case loved quite as dearly as is the fat and jolly old fellow who is supposed to squeeze his way down Christmas chimneys here.

Imagine yourself in the midst of some honest family, dwelling, let us say, in the Kaiser's province of Alsace. It is Christmas eve, and the long, low-ceilinged room is redolent of the odors scattered from the green branches of the little spruce and cedar trees which stand in the four corners, bearing little gifts in honor of the season. A great fire crackles cheerily on the hearth, its dancing light supplemented by more candles than usually are burned by the frugal folk; and from the bent and wrinkled grandmother to the tiniest of the children, every one seems gay with a spirit none the less joyous that it is subdued in tone and laugh. Suddenly the tinkling of a bell is heard out in the stillness of the night. In an instant the father of the family stops short in the tale he is telling, and all slip down to their knees—and there stands the Christkindel in the

Mrs. Santa Claus pays her Italian visits; it is then that "La Befana," with the sound of a bell ringing, comes down the chimneys with gifts for good children and little sacks of ashes to be left in the stockings of the naughty ones. For three hundred and sixty-four nights in the year all of little Italy dreams of this coming of the little woman, naturally not fair to look upon, for she is upward of two thousand years old, but so bounteous in the expressions of her love that no child cares a rap about her looks.

La Befana is herself as old as the Wise Men. It was she who was so busy sweeping her house on the evening of their passing to the birthplace of the Christ that she refused to come to the door to greet them and receive their blessing. Her window chanced to be standing ajar and while the travelers stopped for an instant to rest their beasts one of them called to her to come and see the gifts with which they were laden. It was a scornful no that came back from the busy housewife—and so it is that through all the years since then La Befana has gone up and down the world looking everywhere for gifts, making them, too, and always must she bear with her the sign of the unwise thrif—the broom which she once preferred to a good man's blessing. To-day she is repentant of that ancient courtesy, and none could be more loving and tender than this dark-looking little woman who comes rattling down the Rome and Florence and Milan chimneys, laden with dolls and watches, trumpets and marbles, cakes and candies and little fruits.

But how did the children of Italy come to call La Befana "Mrs. Santa Claus"? There is no Santa in that land; no long-bearded saint, with a fat chuckle disturbing his fur-clad rotundity; no genial driver of belled deer over snow-covered roofs. The answer is to be found in the fact that there are in Italy many little citizens of Austria, of Switzerland, of England, of France, and of the United States, too, and these have brought with them the story of the good-hearted old soul whose less usual name is Nicholas. So it came about quite naturally that La Befana became Mrs. Santa, and the two are now supposed to be helping one another out in covering all the needed calls of a big territory in a short space of time. Lucky little sons and daughters of Italy! When one of them is especially good and obedient and thoughtful of others, he finds that Christmas brings him gifts from both members of the Claus family.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

### TOO LATE!

**T**'WAS Christmas Eve and bitter cold,  
The snow was falling fast;  
The icy branches creaked and moaned,  
And shivered in the blast.  
He trudged along the frozen road,  
A lad with yellow hair,  
Who bore a bundle on his back  
And hummed a merry air.

**W**HEN last he trod those hills and dales  
It was a summer day;  
The birds were singing overhead,  
His heart was light and gay;  
His dreams were all of sunny isles  
And billows bounding free,  
And, heedless of his mother's tears,  
He left her for the sea.

**B**UT after many a weary month  
Of hardship, toil, and pain,  
He longed to see athwart the dusk  
The lights of home again—  
Old Tray, the collie, by the fire  
In his accustomed place,  
And at the window, best of all,  
His mother's smiling face.

**H**E drew a picture as he went  
Of walls with holly bright,  
A cozy table spread for two  
With linen fresh and white,  
And while the tale of foreign lands  
And stormy seas he told,  
His mother's loving, wrinkled hand  
Upon his curls of gold.

**T**HE dizzy flakes had ceased to fall,  
He strained his eyes to mark  
The glimmer of the lamp-lit panes,  
But all was still and dark.  
No joyous bark rang out to greet  
His footstep as of yore—  
The cold white snows unbroken lay  
Around the silent door.

**H**E saw upon the snowy sill  
A wreath of immortelle,  
And then his orphaned cry arose  
Above the Christmas bells.  
His mother's lonely watch was o'er.  
No more to weep or wait,  
She walked in glory with the stars.  
He had returned too late. MINNA IRVING.

centre of the room. No one ever sees her come; none ever sees her go. There is but the silvery warning of the little bell, and then this beneficent woman is present, clad all in white, with her beautiful features but dimly discernible behind a cloud of white veiling. Sometimes she has appeared with great wings sweeping down from her shoulders; always does she wear a diadem, the jewels of which glow in the night like sacred candles.

Slowly this beautiful figure moves among the kneeling worshipers, stroking the blond heads of the little ones, awed, yet plainly charmed, by this heavenly vision. To the girls come dolls, with flaxen locks most obviously German; to the boys come soldiers, quite as erect as the Kaiser's own dragoons, and oftentimes there are other gifts for the older members of the family, each bestowed with some gentle admonition, spoken in that sweet and slightly trembling voice which every one recognizes as characteristic of all true angels.

To the child of sunny Italy Christmas does not mean presents, as it does to the small boys and girls of New York and St. Louis and San Francisco. To them the day sacred to the memory of the Saviour's birth means the entry into a fortnight of jollity, opening on Christmas eve and culminating on the night which cuts January 5th from the 6th. That is Twelfth Night, sacred to the memory of the Magi, who carried to the Bethlehem manger-altar their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Epiphany, the modern church has named the feast, and it is then that

physical status—a difference which makes some men older in a purely physical sense at forty than others are at sixty years. An age limitation also involves the serious error of leaving out of the reckoning the cumulative results of experience, always a most valuable asset among the things making for success in any profession or occupation. For reasons like these we are surprised that a great business corporation like the Carnegie Steel Company should be led into the adoption of a rule requiring heads of certain departments to refuse employment to men over thirty-five years of age, and in others to men over forty. This is drawing the "dead-line" at an age when the average man is actually at the beginning of his years of highest physical strength and general usefulness. General Gripenburg, whom the Czar has just called to the command of his second great army, is sixty-six years old. On him as a veteran soldier vast responsibilities will rest in the crisis now confronting the Russian forces in the East. But if age and experience are prime factors in a struggle between nations, so are they also in the contests for supremacy in business and commercial circles. To draw a line against the older men is to draw a line against prudence, stability, and conservatism, without which there can be no lasting success in anything. The result of going to an extreme in these directions are likely to cause a reaction.

BRACES the nerves, builds up the blood, strengthens every way—Abbott's Angostura Bitters.



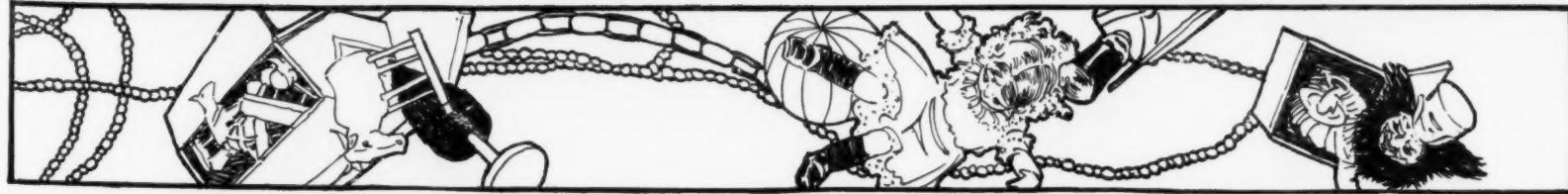
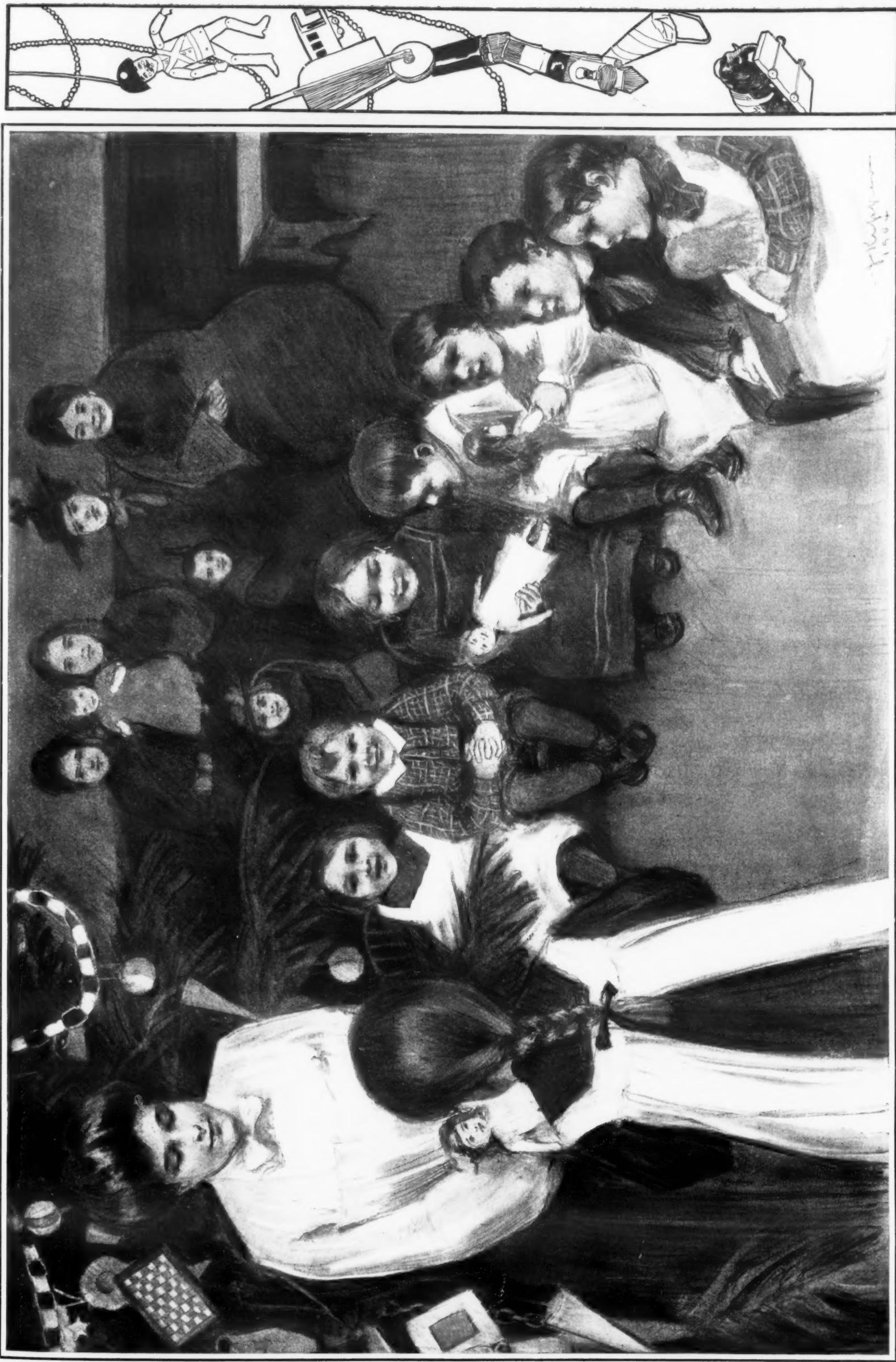


CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN A STRENUOUS HOUSEHOLD.  
GETTING THE SLEEPY CHILDREN READY FOR REST AFTER A LONG DAY OF FUN AND FEASTING.

*Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert.*

MERRY HOLIDAY FOR THE CHILDREN OF NEW YORK'S FOREIGN QUARTER.  
DISTRIBUTING GIFTS IN "LITTLE ITALY" FROM A GLITTERING CHRISTMAS-TREE WHICH THE LITTLE ONES THEMSELVES HELPED TO DECORATE WITH THEIR KINDERGARTEN CREATIONS.

*Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by L. J. Kipner.*



# A Toyland Without a Christmas

By Eleanor Franklin



TOKIO, JAPAN, November 20th, 1904.

I WONDER how many quaintly odd Japanese dolls will find their way into little American girls' stockings this Christmas? And I wonder how many little American girls who laugh at these funny, slant-eyed, shaven-headed ones and consider them entirely outside the pale of doll society will know that they are exactly like some cunning little people who live on beautiful islands far away across the Pacific Ocean; little people who have no Christmas at all, and no Santa Claus, because they have never even heard of the beautiful story of the Babe in the Manger, the Star of Bethlehem, and the Three Wise Men.

Is there any little American girl who could imagine herself suddenly changed into a wee bit of a *musume*, with little slanting black eyes that look upon a strange world wherein there are no lovely Christmas homes into which the jolly, white-whiskered saint brings such happiness every year? I'd like to get a lot of you together and tell you stories about such little people who are my friends over here in sweet Japan, but I'm so far away that Christmas would be over and the new year no longer new before I could get to America, so I must content myself with writing a letter.

To an American boy or girl I suppose—well, I know, in fact, because I was an American girl myself once—that the greatest possible imaginable calamity would be to have Christmas lost out of the year, but that is because we have known the joys of Christmas always. Now, many little Japanese boys and girls have never even heard of Christmas, but they have other holidays—*matsuris* they call them—that are just as dear to their little pagan hearts as Christmas is to little Christians; and it is about these *matsuris* that I am going to write, just to show you that my little brown ones over here are real children, too, with almost the same child joys that would be theirs if they knew all about the great story of Bethlehem of Judea.

I'm sorry to say that little girls in Japan don't amount to nearly as much as little boys, because little boys grow up to be soldiers of the empire and heads of families and all sorts of important things, while little girls begin life as "little mothers" only and remain only "little mothers" always. But there's one thing sure and certain—little girls in Japan are much nicer than little boys, much prettier, much brighter, and much more gentle and refined. Nobody can help loving them, and that is their compensation for having to be little slaves to swaggering brothers all their lives.

Japan, you know, is the original toyland. I really think that Santa Claus must have a branch establishment in Tokio, for such toy-shops were never seen in any other place unless perhaps in the good saint's own kingdom, in feathery Snowland. And the shops in Tokio are not like shops at all. They are more like booths in a great fair, with the fronts wide open, so one can see everything in them, even to the tiny horns strung in jingling bright festoons from the bamboo ceilings. And the toys are different, too. Of course, I suppose, they are most all to be found somewhere in America now, because they will surely have been bought and carried across the ocean for the benefit of little Americans. And I wonder how many of these little Americans would stop to wonder where they came from and how such wonder-

LITTLE JAPANESE GIRLS PLAYING "DOLLIE" ON "HINA-MATSURI DAY."

fully beautiful and strange things happened to be in the world.

To begin with, there are no beautifully-dressed,



FOUR-YEAR-OLD KAORU IN KIMONO WHICH IS MOSTLY SLEEVES.

golden-haired dolls like ours in Japanese toy-shops, and that seems very odd to one who has been used

little round spot on top—to little girls of six and eight, with their hair "done up" as elaborately as if they were real young-lady dolls. That's the way of little girls in this strange land. As soon as their hair is long enough to do anything with at all, they begin to have it oiled and slicked up into the most intricate sorts of grown-up knots—so intricate, indeed, that the *musumes* can't go to bed at night and sleep, like little human beings, but must rest their necks on narrow blocks of wood and let their remarkable little heads hang over so as not to muss them up.

Isn't that dreadful? But it takes a professional hair-dresser to make these wonderful slick *chignons*, and he is not supposed to come around more than about once a week. I have already written a whole letter just about the hair of little girls and big girls in Japan, so now we must get back to the toy-shop. Besides the rows upon rows of Japanese dollies there are wonderful arrays of the oddest kinds of horns and drums, such as no little Christian boy ever blew or beat upon—drums shaped like goblins' heads, with imps and dragons painted all over them, and long, graceful horns, with strange, piercing, sweet notes—horns such as the angel Gabriel might blow in the spaces between the worlds to waken sleepy little stars at eventide.

And then there are mechanical toys that go about as if they were alive—tin turtles walking around on the earthen floor, mice scampering under counters and around on the shelves, huge, gorgeously-colored paper butterflies and dragon-flies buzzing around in the air, and many other things that I can't possibly tell about, because they are complete mysteries to me. There are no toy carriages in Japan, because in Japan there are no real carriages. But there are toy *jinrikishas*, which are little two-wheeled carts pulled by little brown men under great big mushroom-shaped hats instead of by horses. And there are toy *cagos*, which are the oddest kind of grown-up cradles, that two men carry, suspended from long bamboo poles, upon their shoulders, and in which grown-up folks have to sit, curled up Turk fashion, until their feet go to sleep and they are forced to demand the privilege of getting down and walking. These are the "carriages" of Japan, and, as toys, would probably puzzle the average little boy or girl at home.

Now, with so many toys, isn't it wonderful how these little brown people can do without a Christmas? But, as I said before, they have other festivals, and the first one after New Year's day, and one of the most important in all the year, is the *Hina Matsuri*, or Feast of Dolls. And what a marvelous feast it is! It comes on the third day of the third month, and it belongs exclusively to little girls. The outward and visible signs of this Feast of Dolls are—simply dolls. Dolls of every description and size, from the weeny wee ones that only the tiniest fingers can sew for, up to the great big baby dolls that every little girl in the land carries strapped upon her back just as her mother carried her when she was an infant.

But there are no dolls like ours, remember. If one of them, with her golden curls and big, wondering eyes, should get lost among this host of pagan dollies, I am afraid she would be treated with scant courtesy, because "foreigners" are not beloved in Japan, and one of them would hardly be permitted to take a real part in the *Hina Matsuri*, although many of



"ICE-CREAM-SODA" FOUNTAIN IN JAPAN, WHERE THE CHILDREN GET SHAVED ICE WITH BROWN SUGAR ON IT.

to seeing them every Christmas by bewildering hundreds. Not one single solitary French dollie does one see; but there are the Japanese dolls in all stages of grown-upness, from a wee babe, with its tiny head shaved—all but a



TEMPORARY TOY BOOTH IN A TEMPLE YARD AT TOKIO.



JAPANESE CHILDREN CROWDING AROUND A PENNY SHOW IN A TOKIO STREET.



SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—WISCONSIN WINS.  
PLEASING PHASES OF THE CHILDREN'S GREAT HOLIDAY PORTRAYED BY MASTERS OF THE CAMERA.

them may be permitted to look on. Am I getting my people and my dolls mixed up, somewhat? Well, it is the most natural thing in the world to do in this toyland, and especially on the occasion of the dolls' festival, because on that day every little girl looks like a big doll, dressed as she is so beautifully in a long, soft, bright-colored crape *kimonos*, with flowing sleeves that almost sweep the floor. If a little girl at home were forced to wear such a garment to play in she would "fall all over herself" and be most unhappy; but little Japanese girls know nothing about any other kind of clothes, and they very soon learn how to take care of their great sleeves and keep the long skirts of their *kimonos* smoothly and gracefully arranged.

You see there is no furniture in Japanese homes such as we have, and Japanese children have to sit on the floor with their feet under them in such a position as none of us would maintain for many minutes without getting most unpleasant cramps. I'm going to send a picture of a little friend of mine whose name is Kaoru, which means fragrance. I took the picture myself one day when she was calling on me at my hotel, and I couldn't get her to understand that she must let her feet hang down when she sat on a chair. All her little life she has sat upon her feet, and that is the natural way to her. Little Kaoru is just beginning to have her hair done up and it rather spoils her beauty, because it looks a little scraggly. As soon as it grows a little longer it will be all right.

Well, since there is no furniture in Japanese homes, it naturally follows that the folks have to eat off the floor and sleep on the floor—live on the floor, in fact—and this makes a Japanese feast a million times more interesting, from our standpoint, because it all seems so "make-believe."

In every Japanese family there are dolls of state which are only brought out on the occasion of the *Hina Matsuri*. They are always doll images of the Emperor and Empress and other great people of the Japanese court, and they belong to the daughters of the house. On the day of the Feast of Dolls these gorgeous ones are brought out from the fire-proof storehouse, where they are kept all the year, and are seated in great state upon an improvised and richly-decorated platform in one side of the family feast room. Each doll has its own little set of exquisite lacquer furniture—that is, trays, rice dishes, wine cups, and such things—and a feast of many good things is set before each one of them, while the family dines on the floor in front of the platform, waited upon by the beautifully-gowned little daughters. This is all done, too, mind you, with the strictest decorum and utmost regard for the elaborate rules of court etiquette, the images of the Emperor and Empress being treated with as much reverence as would be accorded to those great personages themselves.

After the great feast is over and the precious dolls, which are some of them hundreds of years old and very valuable, are all put safely away, the little daughters with their little mammas—everybody is little in Japan—take the beloved every-day dollies and go to call upon friends, carrying little gifts of children's things. Altogether, it is the most delightful day in all the year to the little Japanese girls, and, I suppose, since it is a feast it is not altogether a bore to the boys, either. They have their own particular holiday later in the year; so, really, come to think of it, Japanese children have two "Christmases" to our one. The boys' festival comes on the fifth day of the fifth month and has no particular set ceremony, such as the girls have to perform. It is just a day of rejoicing over boys, that's all.

There is no place on earth, I suppose, where boys are so important as they are in Japan, and on the fifth day of May the country simply belongs to them. I think even his imperial Majesty abdicates in favor of his sons for that day, and boys, just boys, reign supreme. The whole country is decorated for the occasion in the most marvelous manner with bright-colored muslin fishes, hollow inside and suspended from long bamboo flagstaffs. The wind catches them and fills them out, and then they float in the air for all the world like live things, dozens of them, of all colors and sizes, sometimes strung on the same pole. You will be able to imagine how many of these fishes there are when I tell you that every boy in Japan must fly one on this day, and every father and mother must put one up for each of their sons. The effect is startlingly beautiful, but it makes one think that there can't be anything in Japan but boys.

Everybody always asks why they use fishes in Japan for decoration. Why not flags and pennants, beautiful paper umbrellas, brilliant lanterns, and all the other gorgeous things for which Japan is so noted? Well, the boys' festival is a very ancient holiday, and it has been celebrated just this way for many hundreds of years, and because fishes are strong and determined, and able to swim upstream against the swift currents of Japanese rivers, they are supposed to be good emblems for Japanese boys who grow sturdy in body and firm in character, and are able to overcome seemingly insurmountable difficulties in life. The presents on this day are usually of a martial character—toys guns, bows and arrows, battle-ships, drums, bugles, swords, and little soldiers' uniforms—and it all ends in a great feast at which, of course, little girls wait upon their brothers and fathers in their best and brightest *kimonos*, and are as happy and proud as they could possibly be on their own holiday.

Now, I started to write a doleful story about a "Toyland without a Christmas," but I find that, with all these feasts, I am able to be quite cheerful about my little Oriental friends, and I am wondering what would

happen to the Japanese papa and mamma if they had Christmas also to celebrate for the children.

### Christmas in a Boarding-house.

CHRISTMAS IN New York! How many columns, each vastly different, could be written descriptive of this day of days, when all the world is rejoicing. The homes on upper Fifth and Madison avenues are gay with house parties. The boys and girls are home from college and school, and all during the week are in the midst of delayed shopping. Carriages, automobiles, and pedestrians are loaded with mistletoe and gifts. The very air has a holiday flavor. In the homes of the rich and the poor alike are busy preparations for the Christmas feast. Even the newsboys and the boot-blacks are provided for, and are looking forward to the day. In almshouses, hospitals, and prisons there is activity of a festive nature, and more or less rejoicing. But aside from all these there is an army of thousands and tens of thousands in New York to whom Christmas day is something of a bugbear. An army not bidding for charity, for it is well dressed, well housed, and well

### Christmas in Dixie

UNCLE NED'S EXPLANATION TO A NORTHERN VISITOR.

**G**O 'long, boss, an' quit yo' foolin'—  
You ain't seed no Chris'mas, man;  
D' ain't no Chris'mas in de Norf, sah!  
Dat kin beat ole Dixie Lan'!  
Ev'ybody's free an' ekul,  
An' each man jes' has his way;  
White er black—it makes no dif'rence  
'Way down Souf on Chris'mas Day.

**D**OES we go to chu'ch! Oh, no, sah!  
We don't have no time fur dat—  
Twouldn't be no sorter Chris'mas  
Jes' to go whar meetin's at!  
But I sho do b'lieves in meetin's,  
Yet I wants 'em in deir place;  
An' I'm sho no Chris'mas meetin'  
Wouldn't suit dis culld race.

**Y**OU jes' gimme a little cidah,  
An' a little tas'e uv rye,  
Don't furgit de rum fur aig-nog,  
Nur de mince-meat fu de pie;  
Den you let de fiddle strike up,  
Let Miss Dinah step dis way,  
An' I'll show you how we shuffles  
'Way down Souf on Chris'mas Day.

**A**LL de pickaninnies playin'  
Jes' like roostahs 'fo' de do',  
'Lijah in his boots wid red tops  
An' de brasses on de toe;  
Lucy wid huh white dawl baby,  
Rastus wid a big tin ho'n,  
Caesar wid a new goat waggin'  
Man, dey's happy sho's you bo'n!

**C**HRIS'MAS sho wuz made fur darkies,  
An' de law don't cut no ice,  
White mens wid deir clubs an' blue-coats  
Lays ez low an' still ez mice;  
Black Mariah don't ride nobody.  
Ev'y darky has full sway,  
An' dey sho do ac' like white folks  
'Way down Souf on Chris'mas Day.

**T**O be sho at night we en's up  
Wid a gran' Jim Dandy spree—  
One uv dese ole-fashioned cake-walks  
Er a big co'n shuckin' bee.  
An', sah, ef it's one er t'othah.  
It'll las' 'mos' th'oo de night,  
Den we'll go home wid de ladies  
At de break uv mawnin' light.

**D**AT'S de way we spen' ouah Chris'mas—  
You jes' shet yo' mouf up, man;  
D' ain't no Chris'mas in de worl', sah.  
Dat kin beat ole Dixie Lan'!  
Ev'ybody's free an' ekul,  
An' each man jes' has his way;  
White er black—it makes no dif'rence  
'Way down Souf on Chris'mas Day.

SILAS X. FLOYD.

fed, but the heart-hungry, homesick throng found in the New York boarding-houses.

From the spacious front suite of the parlor floor to the hall bedroom third floor back the atmosphere on this day is the same. The gas-log, cheerful enough on other days, flares dim and gloomy, and the gay window wreaths, with their huge bows of flaming red, seem to mock. The hurdy-gurdy on the corner, with its enterprising Italian grinding out hosanna, sets the bachelor to dreaming of other times when Christmas was the greatest day in the year; when there was no morning speculation as to how the time would be spent and no wishing that it was all over, and that the world had settled down to its accustomed routine again. The bachelor girl, in the steady pursuit of art or music, or, perhaps, making her way along literary paths, may for three hundred and sixty days in the year forget that she is homesick but the approach of the holidays, and the thought of spending them alone in a boarding-house bring it back with all its force. She reads and re-reads the home letters; she dreams of the dainty, white-aproned mother directing the Christmas preparations of little Jeanie who has donned long skirts and put up her hair during the two years.

She wonders how it would all look were she to step in, and how it would seem to string popcorn for the

home tree, and tell fairy-tales to the sturdy little brother, who still has faith in Santa Claus. She smells the pine logs as they crackle on the hearth, and she longs for a part in it all. But she is in New York, and here, pride, ambition, and sometimes the force of circumstances often compel her to stay. She sheds a few tears in self-sympathy, and decides to spend the day in her room, have her lone Christmas dinner sent up, and leave word with the maid that she is out to any who may, but are not likely to call, and so proceeds to make herself generally wretched. However, with the knowledge which comes sooner or later to all men, women, and children earning their own way in the world, that one must help make his own good cheer if he would have it, and that the first step toward happiness is to make some one else happy, it is possible to enjoy Christmas even in a boarding-house.

We may assume that after a year's residence in New York one will have made friends among whom may be one or two like one's self away from home, and on the straight and narrow path to a dreary Christmas, who would gladly hail the idea of clubbing together to get as much out of the day as their means will allow. It is because the inhabitants of New York are counted by millions instead of by thousands or hundreds that the metropolis ranks as one of the most desirable places of residence on the continent. Of these millions a few are native to the soil, but the majority are gathered from the four corners of the globe, and half of them are living in boarding-houses, as many of our present-day millionaires lived during their first Christmases in New York. In this small army there are all sorts of persons well worth knowing, although they may not be exploited in the daily press. Without friends life is a desert indeed; and while many decay boarding-house friendships, there are, nevertheless, many ties made in being thus thrown together that prove lasting and valuable.

With a comprehensive knowledge of this fact, two lone bachelor girls, with the remembrance of the first awful Christmas week alone in New York, decided to forego tears and self-sympathy and to make their own Christmas cheer. One cannot be genuinely "Christmassy" without a tree, so a tree was duly acquired and, with the assistance of the florist's boy, set in place in the combination drawing-room, living-room, and workshop. A rule that no article on this tree should exceed fifty cents in cost made much merriment in the choosing of the various gifts, which were each and every one labeled with some original verse or a history of where and how each particular article was purchased. This also gave one an excellent knowledge of the out-of-the-way junk-shops and East Side pawn-shops, where really beautiful things are occasionally picked up for a few cents.

The chafing-dish Christmas dinner, helped out by the box from home and a friendly cook and maid, was a departure from the regulation dinner, and the novelty and the really excellent menu, served steaming hot and tempting, were a success which banished the spirit of loneliness and rendered the holiday week, and Christmas day in particular, a bright spot in the year to which the memory of all who were interested, will ever turn pleasantly.

HARRIET HAZEL QUIMBY.

### Rights of Pedestrians at Crossings.

IN A JUST and sensible view of things it would hardly seem necessary to require repeated adjudication by the courts to establish the right of pedestrians to cross the streets of cities and towns at designated places without danger of being run down and killed or seriously injured by careless and reckless drivers of street-cars and other vehicles. But since this right in practice is often willfully and contemptuously disregarded, with the resultant injury or death of many innocent persons, it is well that such a decision on the point in question as that recently handed down by the Second Appellate division of the New York Supreme Court should be recorded and remembered. The point came up in a case where a street-railway company was sued for damages by a man run over at a crossing by a car. It was shown in the testimony that the injured party had used all proper precaution, and that no bell had been sounded by the driver of the car and no warning of any kind given. In rendering the opinion the presiding justice said:

"It is not contributory negligence, as matter of law, for a person to attempt to cross a highway at a street intersection, in a populous city, from twenty to fifty feet in front of an advancing car, even if he has seen it approaching. The duty rests upon the street-railway company to have its cars in control at these points, that the equal rights of others may be protected, and the people using the highways for lawful purposes have a right to rely in some measure upon the discharge of this duty." This is good common sense, nothing more or less, and all just laws are said to be founded upon common sense.

### A Valuable Constitutional Tonic.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE not only corrects disorders which undermine health, but also builds up the entire physical system on a permanent foundation.

### Raw Cream

is inferior to Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in richness and delicacy of flavor. Peerless Cream is superior as a cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate, and general household cooking. It is the result of fifty years' experience with the milk problem.



MERRY CHRISTMAS IN A NEW YORK BOARDING-HOUSE.  
HOW TWO BACHELOR GIRLS ENJOYED THE DAY AND MADE IT BRIGHT FOR LONELY FELLOW-BOARDERS.



## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a *preferred list*, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

PATRONS of Wall Street might be broadly divided into two classes: First, those who buy securities because they have money for investment and can afford to take their stocks and bonds and keep them, regardless of what may happen to the market. This class naturally seeks safe securities, paying the most satisfactory returns. Those who buy stocks for investment seldom buy them on margins. They put them in their own names, take them out of the brokers' offices, and hold them in their own private boxes or vaults. The second class embraces those who go into the stock market simply to speculate. The intrinsic value of the properties is not of so much consequence to these as the question whether the stock market is on the upward or the downward grade.

The first class buys only after a close examination. The second buys on any tip, rumor, or inspiration that the moment seems to provide. The first stays in the market, or rather stays by it, and the second is the fugitive bird of prey that lights on the bull or the bear side, wherever the profit may be found. It is the investment buyer who is the advance guard of speculation. When prices are low and every one else is selling and liquidating, the shrewd, careful, well-informed investor appears and begins to buy. The more stocks he takes out of the market, the less remain for others to purchase, and the greater the scarcity, the more rapid the rise when buying sets in.

The investor buys to get a return on his money. The lower he buys, the greater his interest. He is therefore on the watch for investment securities which yield the best profit, and when he can sell and put his money into something better, and at the same time make a profit, he changes from the purchasing to the selling side. This change comes about whenever the stock market is on the boom. At such a time dividend-payers are so rapidly advanced that they often yield to the investor less than he can obtain for his money elsewhere than in Wall Street. And so the investor who is first into the market is also the first out of it. One of the reasons why the condition of the money market has so much to do with the stock market is

thus explained. If the investor can do better out of the market than in it, he goes out, and when he goes out he sells his securities, and they must either be absorbed by other investors or by the speculative element. When the returns on his investment are substantially less than four per cent. Wall Street is no place for him or for his money, provided interest rates on the outside give him an opportunity safely to do better.

During the current year, while money had been a drug and interest rates merely nominal, with little demand for commercial paper at higher rates, the investor naturally sought Wall Street. His purchases paved the way for the speculative inrush. Now that prices are on a basis which does not satisfy the investor, he is willing to sell, and particularly willing now that interest rates for money offer him a convenient method of employing it to advantage. This explains the watchfulness with which the money market has been regarded by Wall Street. The speculative element, too, quickly feels the results of a rising money market, for, as money rates advance, brokers increase the charges for carrying stocks on margins, and banks become a little more careful of the collateral they accept, discriminating especially against non-dividend-paying stocks of the highly speculative character. And so I have pointed out that the first decided rise in money rates would be reflected, according to all precedents, by a reactionary tendency in the market. The rapid reduction of the reserves of the New York banks, the announcement of the withdrawal by the government of \$25,000,000 of its deposits—scattered, though these withdrawals are, over a period of three months—and the export demand for gold have all centred attention on the money market.

I have little doubt that the public has of late been going into the stock market, and as the public has been getting in, the investor has been getting out. Well-advised and observant leaders in business circles all around are more cheerful regarding the outlook. In the iron and steel industry a substantial increase in orders of late has led to higher prices and to the opening of a number of mills which had been closed for some time. Whether this is a transient movement, or whether it indicates a much better outlook for the entire new year, it is too early to say. One enthusiastic and heavy consumer of iron predicted in my presence, the other day, that pig-iron would sell at \$20 a ton in less than sixty days. He mentioned iron mills which were so overrun with orders that they did

not know how to fill them. He said that the market was bare of many iron and steel commodities, and that a scramble to place orders and to get them filled must result in higher prices.

On the other hand, in some of the industrial lines, I hear advices far from reassuring. Many cotton mills are still idle. Collar and shirt factories in the East are partly idle, over-production in the roofing-slate business in Vermont and New York is reported, and decided dullness in trade prevails in portions of the Eastern States. The best feeling is among the metal workers, and this has been stimulated by the continued rise in copper and iron and steel, especially during the past few months. It is unprecedented that a great boom such as we had in 1902 should be followed within a year after its collapse by another protracted period of rising prices in Wall Street. Usually the period of depression is somewhat longer than the period of prosperity. Exceptional circumstances may set precedent aside, and 1905 may be a year of widespread and renewed prosperity, but I still have my doubts regarding such an outcome, much as we all sincerely hope for it. We are having a cheerful Thanksgiving season, and I trust that our prosperity may be unbroken during the merry holidays at the close of the year, but every one concedes that the market has had a wonderful rise and that it has discounted a good deal, if not all, of the prosperity in sight, and that the upward movement has advanced many stocks beyond a fair remunerative basis and put others on a plane that seems to be altogether too high. And yet a market that looks altogether too high sometimes goes higher. The higher it goes, the heavier the break whenever it comes.

"C. B." Pittsburgh: The concern is not a member of the New York Stock Exchange and no report is available. I do not regard it most highly.

"A." Norfolk, Va.: Any member of either of the exchanges in New York will buy stocks for you on the curb. The commissions depend on the amount of the transaction.

"B." Cincinnati: Amer. Cotton Oil common sold last year as low as 25 1-2, and this year as low as 24 1-2. The capital is rather large and the preferred has a far greater investment quality than the common.

"S. S. S." Mass.: 1. A determined effort to advance the shares of the Montreal and Boston has been made in the last few weeks, and apparently with some success. It is a copper property and said by its friends to have a good outlook, but I cannot speak from personal knowledge. 2. Know nothing about the mining company. Its shares are not dealt in on Wall Street. 3. Metropolitan Street Railway sold last year as low as par and as high as 142. This year it has been down to 104. It is believed that some day there will be a combination of the Metropolitan with the other city traction interests to the advantage of the former. If so, the stock will be advanced, though the earnings have not been as satisfactory as they might be and the company owes over \$4,000,000 back franchise taxes, now being litigated. 4. Cannot advise regarding the mining company.

*Continued on page 554.*

## ∴ The Yearly Deluge of Christmas Gifts ∴

*Continued from page 541.*

village is located is not given. This fact often causes great confusion. Let me show you"—the superintendent reached for a book containing a list of his company's offices—"turn, for instance, to Summit. Nearly every State has a town named Summit. Here in Ohio there are ten. How are we going to tell, when a package comes to us addressed simply 'John Jones, Summit, O.', which of the ten Summits is meant? All that can be done is to try them one at a time, and perhaps 'John Jones' won't get his Christmas-box until after New Year's.

"Sugar Hill is another popular name, particularly in States where there are sugar-maple trees. In the small State of New Hampshire there are two Sugar Hills, and many others in other States of the East. So when you send a package into the rural districts write the name of the county on it."

Because this advice of the express company superintendent is not always heeded large quantities of Christmas matter are never delivered; there are many presents that go astray. And here is a double disappointment—to the giver and to the one who never receives the gift. The bulk of the lost packages are not valuable, although their contents is of great variety. Hats, clothing, toys, bottles of medicine, bricks, and many other things are among them. These bricks are reminders of a time-honored and threadbare attempt at the humorous. They are carried by the unfortunate express companies C. O. D. to a consignee who declines to pay the charges. The companies are compelled by law to hold these lost parcels three years; after that period the stuff is sold to auctioneers.

Christmas-time is a season of exhaustion for the express company employés. They toil unceasingly, and during the rush period they work twelve hours a day. During this time some of the companies arrange with near-by restaurants to furnish meals to the men at fifty cents a meal, and when the weather is cold and the labor particularly arduous the companies sometimes serve coffee and sandwiches to their men while they are at work. And this increased toil is necessary, notwithstanding the fact that the companies increase the number of their men by fifty per cent. But no wonder—the express business is doubled in the holidays.

In weight the Christmas burden of the express companies in New York is more than that of the post-office, but in the number of pieces that of the post-office is far greater. On the day before Christmas, at the New York post-office, probably three million distinct pieces of mail—letters and packages—are handled. About five hundred men are added to the usual force

of 4,000 to deal with this gigantic flood. By no means insignificant is the outgoing and incoming foreign mail. The former, delivered at New York and destined for the transatlantic vessels, begins to arrive about December 10th, but the great bulk of the incoming mail is dumped here at Christmas-time. One vessel alone sometimes brings 2,500 bags, these being filled almost entirely with Christmas gifts. In each bag there is an average of two hundred and fifty packages, so that the total number of these on one ship is 625,000—more than enough to supply a gift to every man, woman, and child in Boston. More gifts from abroad for America come from Great Britain—England, Scotland, and Ireland—than from any other land, and next to England comes Germany.

The post-office does not experience as much difficulty from imperfectly wrapped parcels as do the express companies, for those which are carried by post are lighter and smaller. But in the matter of addresses the superintendent of mails at New York de-

livered the same advice as the express superintendent : "Write the address plain and put the name of the sender on the package." The lost Christmas gifts that have been given to the care of the post-office find their way at last to that curious museum at Washington, the dead-letter office, an interesting place, indeed, and frequently described.

### Happy Childhood

RIGHT FOOD MAKES HAPPY CHILDREN BECAUSE THEY ARE HEALTHY.

SOMETIMES milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—any one, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish, and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the magnolia and the mocking-bird, 'way down in Alabama, and says : "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well-known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived.

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest, aged four and one-half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly, although she is of a constipated habit.

"For the youngest, aged two and one-half years, I use one-half Postum and one-half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it.

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby, lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot, invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. Look in package for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

### My Christmas Guest

THIS morn I looked within my heart  
As though I were a manger,  
And knew a glimpse I faintly caught  
Of Him once born a stranger.  
My Mary love was bending low,  
Beside her Christ-child kneeling,  
And shepherd wards kept watch to know  
What were the stars revealing.

MY Wise-Men thoughts by strange control  
Came through my humble portal,  
Who worshiped Him born in my soul  
And hailed Him as immortal.  
Their choicest gifts the Babe they bring  
In solemn adoration,  
And angel fancies round me sing  
Their peaceful proclamation.

MY Herod hates would kill my Christ  
By many acts of sinning;  
But His dear heart so sacrificed  
My Herod heart is winning.  
His love is changing all my mind,  
God is become my brother;  
No Herod hates, just shepherds kind,  
All loving one another.

CHARLES ADOLPHE LIVINGSTON.



# California's Golden Record

By Ernest C. Rowe



THE DISCOVERY of gold in California and stirring events which have created the State's history since 1846 make a story of absorbing interest. It has been recited times without number, and so long as the word "California" shall be printed on our maps, just so long will the tale be told to generations to come.

It was my very good fortune, not long ago, to meet a gentleman in Los Angeles who has been a resident of this State fifty years, and has been closely acquainted with many of the early pioneers who have since become historic characters. He knew Marshall, the discoverer of gold, and by questioning I secured substantially the story of Marshall's find as printed below.

In 1846 one Peter L. Wimmer and his wife joined a band of pioneers at Fort Independence, now St. Joseph, Mo., under Captain Harlow, and set out overland for California. They arrived at Fort Sutter, on the Sacramento River, and near where the State capital now stands, about the first of November, 1846.

One James W. Marshall crossed the plains the year previous, using the northern trail, and landed at Sutter's fort some little time before the Wimmers. In 1847 Marshall and Captain Sutter concluded to build a saw and grist mill upon the American River, sixty miles north of Fort Sutter. Marshall and Wimmer were sent out to hunt an available location for the mill, and, quite by accident, chose the spot where gold was first discovered. The mill progressed slowly, but during the month of November, 1847, the dam and head-gates had been completed, and water was turned on so that the sand and gravel might be washed through.

On the morning of the 19th of January the water was turned off and Marshall and Wimmer were walking along the tail race when the former observed a shining object lying on a flat rock close to the side of the race. Marshall jumped in and was out in a jiffy with his find. It proved to be a gold nugget weighing a trifle over an ounce, and from that moment California's unparalleled era of gold production started; for since Marshall picked up his little nugget California has added one billion six hundred millions to the world's available store of the yellow metal.

The news of the find spread over the country and the civilized world with incredible rapidity. Adventurous spirits from everywhere took up the California trail, and the subsequent peopling of California is within the knowledge of every American.

The nugget that Marshall found was followed by others, but the original piece of gold was presented to Mrs. Wimmer for a ring.

In the year 1877 the Wimmers had removed to Los Angeles County, and with other settlers were defending titles to their modest homes, and employed an attorney by the name of W. W. Allen to defend them in the litigation. The Wimmers and Allen became good friends, and during the following year Mr. Allen went to Washington to present their claims to the executive's consideration. At parting Mrs. Wimmer placed in Mr. Allen's hand the precious nugget with the request that he show it to the President of the United States, which he did. Upon Allen's return to California Mrs. Wimmer refused to take back the nugget, and it has since remained in Mr. Allen's possession. It is not generally known that the original find is in existence, but such is a fact, and Mr. Allen shows it to visitors at his residence in Los Angeles, with documentary proof of its genuineness. A model of the original is on exhibition at the State mining bureau, foot of Market Street, San Francisco.

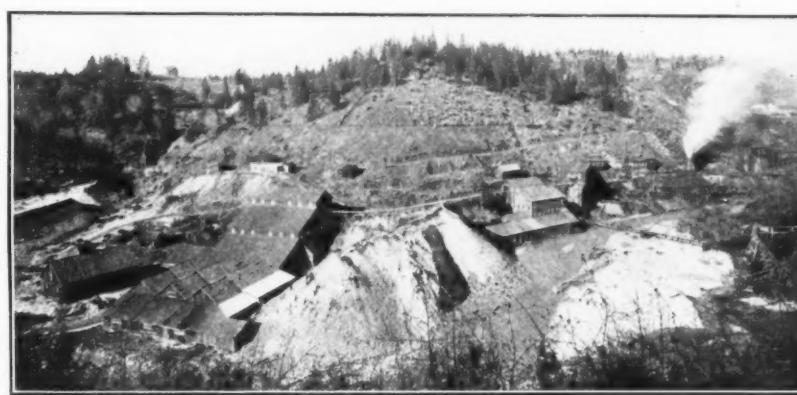
Nearly sixty years have elapsed since the first gold was discovered, and they have been very busy years for California. The State has increased her population from a few hundred Americans to nearly two million souls. Her mineral and agricultural products are many and varied, but gold has been, and doubtless will be to the end of time, the State's greatest production.

A bulletin recently issued by California's State mining bureau and compiled by Lewis E. Aubrey, State mineralogist, gives startling figures, some of which are herewith quoted.



THE MURCHIE MINE, WITH A RECORD OF A MILLION.

Since 1848 California has yielded to the Federal mints \$1,395,146,672, or nearly the assessed valuation of the entire State, \$1,598,603,226—a sum so stupendous that the mind refuses to adequately interpret the meaning of the figures. It must be remembered, too, that much gold has been taken from the placers and the mines in bullion which has been bartered in trade and eventually found its way to mint or jeweler, on which no place of nativity could be attached, but it is estimated, and probably rightly, that the amount of this maverick gold would swell the grand total to an amount exceeding two billions. The greatest yield in gold was in the year 1852, \$81,294,700; the smallest in 1848, \$245,301.



THE CHAMPION MINE, WHICH HAS PRODUCED MANY MILLIONS.

When Nature upset her melting-pot the precious metals were not distributed evenly. Some of our States received none at all, California most of any, but parts of California seem as destitute of minerals as her deserts of verdure. The State is divided into fifty-seven counties, but gold, the most sought-for of all metals, has, quite curiously enough, been stored with lavish hand in the rugged hills of one of the smallest of all the fifty-seven counties. Nevada County, containing but 958 square miles and with a population of 17,000, has each year, since gold was discovered in 1846, yielded a greater production than any other county—an amount, it is estimated, exceeding \$240,000,000. Last year the mint returns from Nevada County were \$2,458,047, Calaveras County coming in a close second with \$1,904,125. Last year the mint returns for gold for all the thirty-four gold-producing counties were \$16,471,264.

That such a small area as Nevada County should produce such marvelous returns of the yellow metal is one of the inscrutable secrets of nature, for the topography and geological expression are not unlike that to be found in other sections. Apparently commonplace advantages give Nevada County what other localities lack, for there is abundance of wafer

everywhere, and the most remote mine is within a day's riding distance of San Francisco. Mines are most rapidly opened up and developed to become big producers within accessible regions well traversed by railroads, and Nevada County is certainly blessed with splendid transportation facilities.

The county has two principal mining districts, Grass Valley and Nevada City, although there are half a dozen less favorably known, each producing bullion; the ores of the quartz veins in the latter district are more highly mineralized than those of the former, and yield more readily to the milling process. The concentrates of both districts are of exceptionally high grade, and nowhere in the State do the quartz ledges promise such permanency. The county has been assiduously mined since 1848, but there is no diminution of the output, and the known veins have hardly been scratched.

Within this wonderful golden storehouse there are many enormously rich mines. Probably the greatest producer of all is the Empire, which has yielded twenty millions.

The Idaho, now known as the Idaho-Maryland, has produced twenty millions, it is said. The Providence mine is producing sixty thousand a month; the North Star, owned by a Mr. Hague, of New York, in 1893 enriched the fortunate possessor eight hundred thousand dollars, and now, with what is claimed to be the finest air-compressing plant in the world, will yield twice as much more for the next twelve months; and there is said to be ore enough blocked out to keep up this record for twenty years. The Pennsylvania mine gives the San Francisco mint forty thousand in bullion each thirty days. The Champion turns out sixty thousand dollars in virgin gold each month, and the old Nevada County mine, now the property of the Mt. Jefferson Mining and Exploration Company, is mining rich ore that runs from eighty to a hundred dollars a ton.

The great Murchie mine, with 432 acres of patented land, and quite within walking distance of the hotels of Nevada City, has given its former owners a cool million in cash. The Wisner Company, of New York, and their associates now own the Murchie, and are sinking the shaft three hundred feet below the present workings on the seven-hundred-foot level. Nevada City people say that the Murchie will soon be yielding a million a year, for they believe the Murchie is one of the richest mines ever developed, and possesses the greatest accumulation of high-grade ore bodies in the State. And with these mines the list is only just commenced. Not so great, but nevertheless mighty in promise, are two-score more mines, all within this county, that will soon be in the star class, and are even now enriching their owners to a degree most wonderful.

Nevada City is the centre of this mining activity. It is a queer place of abode; still most charming. Built, or really perched, upon the precipitous sides of the creek which flows through the town are the costly homes of the owners of many of these mines.

The city's streets are excessively hilly, never level, and one wonders why people selected such an impossible site for their town. Not for a minute can one forget the ceaseless activity nor lose the sound of the stamps pounding out gold for the fortunate owners.

Some of the mines are directly in the centre of the city. The Champion is taking its bullion right out from under the very homes of some of the owners. The mine owned by the Mt. Jefferson Mining and Exploration Company has its mill almost under the bridge spanning the creek which divides the city. The owners have tunneled half a mile under the principal streets, and from my hotel I plainly felt the jar of blasting in their new workings four hundred feet below the floor of the dining-room.

So thickly are the surrounding hills ribbed with auriferous outcroppings that after heavy rains people search the city's gutters and the beds of the newly formed but quickly drying rivulets, and many small

*Continued on page 555.*



NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA, THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF NEVADA COUNTY, WHICH HAS YIELDED NEARLY \$400,000,000 IN GOLD SINCE 1848.—Moore.

## FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE

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ON THE \$1

Mount Whitney Gold Mining Company Stock at ten cents a share (par value \$1); 1,000 feet of development work done; production to date, \$50,000. Ten full claims and two mill sites; ample water, cheap fuel, railroad facilities; working night and day; \$100,000 now on the dump; advancing in value rapidly. Write to-day for prospectus, pictures, reports, &c.; clean, honest management; highest references; every investigation solicited; don't delay, but write now. This is a proposition that is going to make a lot of money for the stockholders. We have personally inspected the property and titles and it carries our highest possible endorsement. The mines are located in Inyo County, California, one of the richest gold counties of the Golden State.

**Southwestern Securities Company**  
507 H. W. Hellman Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**Send for Calendar**

The Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will mail to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp, a copy of their Art Calendar for 1905. The subject is Carl J. Blenner's famous painting, "Reverie," which is faithfully reproduced by the photo-engraving three-color process in all the delicate colors and tints of the original. It is one of the most artistic productions of the Art Preservative, and undoubtedly there will be a great demand for the same. When writing request the Bank to mail you a copy of their new Banking by Mail booklet No. S 39—that is, if you are seeking a safe and profitable investment, with a strong, old-established bank, for your savings or surplus funds.

**Jasper's Hints to Money-makers**

*Continued from page 552.*

"B." Syracuse, N. Y.: I know nothing about it except what its advertisement says.

"R." Brooklyn, N. Y.: Watson & Alpers, 55 Broadway, are members of the Consolidated Exchange in good standing.

"J." Woodstock, Ont.: On reactions, American Ice preferred, St. Louis Southwestern preferred, and Greene Con. Copper seem to offer opportunities.

"S. St." New York: I doubt if it will, as the parties in control seem to be identified with both properties. There should be business sufficient for both.

"X. Y. Z." Philadelphia: Do not find you on my preferred list. No exception can be made to the rule laid down in the introductory note at the head of this department.

"Subscriber," Honesdale, Penn.: I do not regard the Int. Mer. Marine 4 1/2 per cent. bonds as cheap or as good a speculation as the American Tobacco 4% at prevailing prices.

"W." Brooklyn: I do not recommend the purchase of American Nickel Steel and can give you very little information regarding it. It is not listed on the Stock Exchange.

"P." Philadelphia: Glad to hear your favorable opinion. You are right in saying that "it is better to make a few hundred conservatively than to plunge and lose a whole lot in a few days."

"J. J. M." Philadelphia: In an active and fluctuating market your plan might work satisfactorily. Atchison common, on its present dividend, looks high enough, and many believe too high.

"Washington": My advice to buy it was given when it sold at nearer 20 than 30. I would not sacrifice it, because at the approaching session of Congress favorable legislation may give it another upward impulse.

"Ranier," Washington: Your letter was not read correctly. The bonds are an excellent security. They sold somewhat lower last year than at present, but have been growing in strength consistently and have been accumulated by careful investors.

"Belmont": Not a member of the New York Stock Exchange, but apparently doing a large business and making a fair statement of its financial condition. Both concerns in Pittsburgh are members of the New York Stock Exchange and standing is good.

"M." Rochester, N. Y.: You did not understand the conditions. Please read them again. Two dollars additional will make you eligible for the balance of your subscription year, inasmuch as you subscribed through an agent at very much less than the full home-office rate.

"R." Shiremanstown, Penn.: 1. I find no report available and cannot advise. 2. Many have evened up at prevailing prices and it is said that plans are under way to benefit the stock. It would have been better to have evened up on the slump toward 6 than at present.

"D." Buffalo: B. and O. common sold last year as low as 71 5-8, and as high as 104. This year it touched 72 7-8, and I called attention to the fact that around 70 insiders seem to be anxious to pick it up. It has had a substantial advance, and a fair profit is always a good thing to take.

"Alpha," Louisville, Ky.: 1. While the market looks high, the inside elements of the American Tobacco Company are talking very bullish on Amer. Tobacco 4s and predicting that the new bonds will advance at least 10 points and will approximate the price of Con. Tobacco 4s, which is over 80. 2. Note weekly suggestions.

"Son," Niagara Falls: Erie first preferred pays 4, Pennsylvania 6, and New York Central 5 per cent. per annum. With a bull market no doubt these stocks will be advanced. I do not believe a prolonged bull movement can be expected, and a sharp rise in the money market any day would certainly tend to check it.

"J. K." St. Paul: Your receipt clearly shows that you subscribed through an agent and not at the home office in New York. My preferred list is made up of those who have paid the full rates at the home office, without discount to agents or any one. Am sorry that the note at the head of my department appears not to be fully understood.

"G." Memphis, Tenn.: It is the same old crowd that jugged with the Tobacco Securities before, and did it successfully. The only difficulty was that they were unable to mark up the price of the bonds. The new deal seems to put the securities on a better footing. I agree with your criticism of the methods the crowd employed to dominate the concern, but why have not the stockholders sought relief in the courts? A little more ginger on their part is in order.

"S." Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1. I can ascertain very little about the company. At one time it was a popular speculation on the curb among a crowd of manipulators which has since been very much discredited. As far as I can learn the much-talked-of experiments with the patented apparatus of the company amounted to little. 2. Con. Lake Superior stocks are dealt in on the Philadelphia Exchange and also on the New York curb. 3. Halle & Stiegliitz are members of the New York Stock Exchange. I can get no rating.

"V." Saratoga Spa, N. Y.: Amer. Chicle common sells higher than the preferred because it pays twice the dividends on the latter, namely, 12 per cent. I advised the purchase of Chicle common when it sold at less than 70. It has since been at 120. There is but \$6,000,000 of the common and \$3,000,000 of the preferred, and transactions are therefore limited. Earnings are very large and the surplus is increasing, and I doubt if a reaction would affect this particular stock as much as it would a more active speculative security.

"Bronx," New York: 1. The market is fairly and justly entitled to a reaction, and I would not be in a hurry to buy. 2. Leather preferred has quite as good a dividend and earning record as Atchison preferred or B. and O. common. 3. Speculatively, B. and O. is the most active. Its recent annual statement was not as favorable as was expected. Atchison preferred is not usually active, but maintains its strength. The large amount of accrued dividends on Leather preferred gives it an element of value different from the other two stocks.

"A." Alameda, Cal., and "M." Buffalo: I pointed out, when Con. Lake Superior preferred sold around 10, that it looked cheaper, being a preferred iron and steel stock, than the common shares of the Steel Trust, of Republic Iron and Steel, U. S. Cast Iron Pipe, and similar stocks selling much higher. Furthermore, Con. Lake Superior has been thoroughly reorganized, and though there is about \$8,000,000 bonds ahead of the preferred, these represent cash that was put into the property by the stockholders after the reorganization. With a revival of the iron industry, earnings ought to be abundantly able to provide interest on the bonds and something for the stock.

"Copper," Montana: 1. American Grass has no preferred stock. It ranged last year from 6 to 29 3-8 and this year from 5 to 11 3-4. Its earnings are said to be improving and it is more active than Con. Lake Superior preferred. My own choice would be the latter for a long pull, on intrinsic merit, though speculation may do more for the former at present. 2. I pointed out long ago that Amalgamated Copper seemed to be picked up by inside interests whenever it approximated 50. It is the general belief that the dividend will be increased to at least 4 per cent. 3. Yes. 4. After such a long-continued advance, obviously the market is nearer a reaction and greater caution should be exercised by speculators and investors.

"P." Cleveland: 1. While I have persistently pointed out that the rise in the market did not seem to be justified, I have also, from time to time, as you must recall, mentioned certain stocks as apparently worthy of notice, including Int. Mer. Marine com-

mon, when it was at half its present prices, Chic. Union Traction ditto, and several other low-priced industrials. I also spoke of the improving prospects of Greene Con. Copper, Railway Steel Spring, and Distillers. Many of my readers write me that they made handsome profits by getting into these stocks promptly. The market now looks as if it were fairly entitled to a reaction. Many men on the Street have taken their profits and gone out of the market. 2. A reorganization of the property is possible, but the basis of it has not yet been disclosed. On rumors regarding it the shares have strengthened materially, though no one knows as yet whether it will involve an assessment or not. Note weekly advices. 3. Matter has been referred to business department.

*Continued on page 555.*

## FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

## NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE—BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES, NEW YORK, December 1, 1904.

Under the provisions of section 919 of the Greater New York Charter (chapter 378, Laws of 1897).

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons or corporations who have omitted to pay their taxes, "TO PAY THE SAME IN THE BOROUGH IN WHICH THE PROPERTY IS LOCATED," as follows:

BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN, No. 57 Chambers street, Manhattan, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX, corner Third and Tremont avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8, Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF QUEENS, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth street, Long Island City, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF RICHMOND, corner Bay and Sand streets, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

—and that under the provisions of section 916 of said charter, "IF ANY SUCH TAX shall remain unpaid on the first day of December, it shall be the duty of the Receiver of Taxes to charge, receive and collect upon such tax so remaining unpaid on that day, in addition to the amount of such tax, one per centum on the amount thereof, and to charge, receive and collect upon such tax so remaining unpaid on the first day of January thereafter, interest upon the amount thereof at the rate of seven per centum per annum, to be calculated from the day on which said taxes became due and payable (October 3, 1904), as provided by section nine hundred and fourteen of this act, to the date of payment."

DAVID E. AUSTEN, Receiver of Taxes.

**We Recommend the Purchase of United States Steel Preferred**

as we know that the demand within the next year and a half will greatly exceed the supply. The reason for that is the great increased demand for steel for armor plate and ships.

The war in the East has greatly augmented this condition.

**We Recommend the Purchase of Reading Preferred**

We know that the mines in Pennsylvania are in full operation, that traffic will be enormous and receipts greater than any year on record.

**We Recommend the Purchase of Arizona Consolidated Mining Stock**

We know that there are fourteen directors, including the most reliable bankers in Pennsylvania. WE KNOW THAT THE COMPANY WILL GET AN HONEST MANAGEMENT. WE KNOW THAT THESE MEN WOULD NOT HAVE INVESTED IN ARIZONA WITHOUT KNOWING ALL ABOUT IT, as they are CONSERVATIVE FINANCIAL MEN, who have every FACILITY OF INVESTIGATION AT THEIR COMMAND. We know THAT THEIR PROPERTIES ARE A 1, because the engineers' reports, TOGETHER WITH PAST PRODUCTION, PROVE THEM TO BE OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT.

WE KNOW THAT THEIR STOCK IS GOING TO BE LISTED ON THE VARIOUS EXCHANGES VERY SHORTLY, and THAT an INVESTMENT IN THIS COMPANY IS AS SAFE AS ANY IN THE UNITED STATES. We have always advised OUR CLIENTS IN ADVANCE, as we have particular FACILITIES FOR GETTING THE INSIDE, and we unqualifiedly and conscientiously recommend the purchase of these three stocks outright or on margin. Pamphlets and full particulars, with reasons for our advice, on application.

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## California's Golden Record.

*Continued from page 553*

nuggets are found which have been washed down from the hills above the town.

In Nevada City gold mining is always a topic for conversation. Everybody is familiar with mining lore and wishes to impress the visitor that his home country is the most wonderful place on the earth.

I recently visited the Murchie mine upon a pressing invitation of the manager, Mr. Meyers, of San Francisco. It has been my good fortune to visit and descend into mines many times, but I have never before seen such an interesting network of underground workings, nor so great an area of patented lands under one ownership; but Mr. Meyers assured me that a number of near-by properties were quite as interesting.

We descended to the seven-hundred-foot level, where the day before a pile of rich ore had been blasted down from a newly-run stope. This ore showed extremely high values, and a little piece of this quartz which was crushed in a mortar panned out four dollars in gold. I picked out a piece of quartz not larger than a peach, and the manager, after weighing and testing, assured me it contained about ten dollars in free gold. In this same mine ore running as high as thirty dollars a pound has been encountered. I spent half a day tramping over the surface of the Murchie property, and was shown innumerable outcropping ledges, and several times the kick of a boot would reveal oxidized ore which showed glittering specks of pure gold.

In mines as rich as the North Star, the Empire, the Providence, the Champion, and the Murchie much vigilance and ingenious espionage must be resorted to in order that miners do not remove rich quartz by secreting it in their clothing. It doesn't take but a few little pieces to materially add to the miner's wages, and he is sure to find a quick market for his specimens. A bit of ore no larger than an apple not infrequently contains fifty dollars, or even a hundred dollars, in pure gold. Doubtless many a mine loses much through the pilfering of miners.

A story is told of a mine in Nevada City district which was plundered in wholesale fashion. Unusual values appeared in a breast of a newly-opened drift, but the mine boss was not apprised of the discovery. That night four miners entered the workings by an almost forgotten tunnel. Holes were drilled, a blast fired, and ore sacked to the surface through the unused tunnel, and it was all done so quietly and quickly that not a sound was heard on the surface. The stolen ore netted the men \$22,000, but the marauders, although suspected, were never arrested, and are to-day, it is said, residents of Nevada City.

Does mining pay? Visit Nevada City or Grass Valley and go down in any of the mines nearest at hand. You'll need to visit but one or two at the most, and with all candor you'll answer the question affirmatively. There is no business in the world to-day which yields such enormous returns for capital invested as gold mining. But, mind you, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," so that in making a selection proper care should be exercised. However, the fact remains that a mine in conservative, experienced hands is about as safe and profitable an investment for capital as one could select.

But if you are interested in mining (and nearly every wage-earner or business man is, to some extent), choose your broker or investment agent or mine promoter with extreme care. There are good mines in Nevada County, and plenty throughout the mineral belt of the West, but one should differentiate gingerly and avoid prospects above all things unless one knows absolutely the nature of the ore bodies below the surface. Better far look with favor upon proven mines.

There is plenty of room for the legitimate promoter. His field is broad and his efforts useful to his clients, and profitable in the extreme, and nowhere in this broad land is he needed more than in Nevada County, California, where gold-ribbed hills and gravel-beds that have yielded so many millions are as yet almost unscratched by the miner's pick.



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DIAMONDS  
WIN HEARTS

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

*Continued from page 551*

"H.," Kansas City, Mo.: I should say not.

"Portorico": I can obtain no reports regarding the financial status of the parties you speak of.

"M. M.," Joliet: All the very cheap industrial stocks to which you refer must obviously be highly speculative, and any rise that they may enjoy will be due more to manipulation than to merit. You run a gambler's choice when you make your pick, and I think you had better make it yourself this time.

"B. G.," Nashville, Tenn.: The stock outstanding of Bay State Gas is \$250,000,000, in \$50 shares. It is claimed that \$75,000,000 of this was improperly issued. Its equity in the Boston gas companies was sold at foreclosure and bought in for the Massachusetts gas companies. All that it represents is therefore a lawsuit, but the speculators on the curb occasionally make it extremely useful.

"M.," Philadelphia: 1. Con. Lake Superior has a debt of over \$5,000,000, and \$40,000,000 of stock. As I recently stated, it has street and steam railways, water power, and sulphite mills, in addition to its iron and steel mines and factories. It is located on both sides of the Soo. The receipts represent the respective shares of common and preferred. The common is probably more largely dealt in because it is cheaper and more speculative. 2. It is impossible to tell in what direction industrial development will reach its highest accomplishment, and therefore one must reach his own conclusion as to the industrial trend and the stocks which it will especially affect.

"N.," Patchogue, N. Y.: Earnings of Standard Rope and Twine were not sufficient, according to the last annual report, to pay interest charges in full. The balance deficit of profit and loss August 1st, 1904, was over \$746,000. It is said to be doing better, but the bonds are not as cheap as those of the American Tobacco Co. around 70, if reports of the earnings of the tobacco company are correctly given. 2. The income bonds are no better than a non-dividend paying stock. 3. The selling company, which has been getting all the profit out of the earnings, does not reveal whether it is a heavy holder of the securities or not. The conjecture is that it has been profiting by the misfortunes which it has helped to bring upon the company. I do not know when the contract expires.

"G.," Hollidaysburg, Penn.: 1. I know very little about the concern excepting what its literature discloses. As a rule, I believe in putting money into stocks which are salable on the exchanges in case of emergency. 2. I suggested that Con. Lake Superior had possibilities when it sold somewhat lower than the present price. The preferred has merit if one has patience and if the iron industry has any such revival as the price of Steel Trust shares would indicate. 3. I know little about the oil concern and reports are too meager to give me the necessary information. Its friends have spoken favorably of it. 4. The parties that have advanced the Steel Trust shares to such high figures are promising to put the preferred far above par, and even talk of renewing dividends on the common, and yet dividends on the preferred during the past year were paid in part from the surplus. It is said that the rise in the preferred and in the bonds has added considerably to the profits of the company, as its funds have been used for the purchase of its own stocks and for the conversion of preferred stock into bonds. By reason of these surplus earnings, which are estimated by some as high as \$6,000,000, it is expected that a much better quarterly statement will be possible. I should take my profit in Steel Trust shares and be satisfied to wait for a reaction.

*Continued on page 556*

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## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

Continued from page 555

"H." Scranton, Penn.: I do not find you on my preferred list.

"S. S. S." Mass.: Note weekly observations.

Rather late now, though.

"A." Norfolk, Va.: Two per cent last April. Information fully given in replies to inquiries in last issue.

"B." Syracuse: I know nothing about the company excepting what its literature gives. The shares are not listed.

"Poughkeepsie": I suggested the purchase of the Marine stocks when the common was at less than half the prevailing prices and the preferred very little above 20. It is a peculiarity of the human mind, as it operates in Wall Street, that it does not want to buy neglected stocks. It always wants to get into the market after stocks have had a substantial rise, such as both of these have enjoyed. The veterans of the Street make their money by quietly picking up stocks which have not participated in an upward movement, then making them active and selling them to the eager public.

"H." Troy, N. Y.: The rise in Reading common, which sold last year as low as 37 1-2 and this year as low as 38 3-4, is based not only on the increasing value of its coal lands, but also on the value of the railway itself, for it is a great property. The expectation is that the common will be put on a dividend-paying basis at an early date. On reactions, Reading common still seems to be in demand by its heaviest purchasers throughout the year, and therefore is well worth watching. I regard it as a much better investment, through good and bad times, than Norfolk and Western, as the latter depends largely for traffic on the coal and iron industry.

"A. T." Toledo: 1. The new American Tobacco 4s, selling at this writing around 70, look like an attractive speculation. Ahead of the \$78,000,000 of these bonds are only \$56,000,000 6 per cent. bonds, which sell above 110. The 6 per cent. preferred stock which follows the 4 per cent. bonds has been selling around 95. There is \$78,000,000 of this. There is \$40,000,000 of the common stock which has been quoted at over \$200. 2. Int. Paper preferred must not be regarded as a gilt-edged investment. If it were it would not sell at less than 80, and would be cheap even at par. The bonds ahead of the stock are much nearer an investment. They pay 6 per cent. and sell around 109 or 110.

"C." Rochester, N. Y.: 1. It is the general belief that the dividend on Amalgamated Copper will be increased to at least 4 per cent. at the opening of the new year. It now pays 2. 2. The Steel Trust by no means controls the steel and iron industry. The competition of the independents does not diminish. It is the impression that Charles M. Schwab, the deposed president of the company, will give it its hardest tussle before he gets through. The fact that he has been trying to combine the independent nail mills in an opposition to the trust was recently reported. The Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company is now having a large output of steel rails, and demanding a larger percentage of the pool before it will unite to sustain pool prices. The Con. Lake Superior concern on the Soo is actively a competitor with the trust, and the competition of the Colo. Fuel and Iron Company constantly increases.

"E." West Virginia: 1. It is wise always to take a profit after a market has had such a substantial advance, in hope of buying back on a reaction for another profit. By this plan you at least avoid a direct loss, though you may not always obtain the highest profit. 2. I know little about the copper stocks to which you refer. The one you mention second seems to be speculatively most active. 3. Mercantile Marine common looks pretty high, considering its recent low-price record. 4. There appears to be no justification for the advance in Detroit Southern, the bankrupt concern which recently sold at less than \$1.50 a share for the common. Such stocks as this and Duluth S. S. and A. are highly speculative, and both have already been substantially advanced. While there may be a profit in them on a rising market, the danger is that in case of a slump you might be left loaded with securities of little intrinsic value.

"E." Erie, Penn.: 1. It has been reported by those who are interested in Pittsburgh Coal that the preferred is to be substantially advanced because of improved conditions, but a good profit is always an excellent thing to take, even if you don't get the last cent. 2. I do not regard Steel Trust preferred as a purchase at present high prices. I called attention, when the rise began, to the fact that the Morgan syndicate had loaded up with the preferred at much higher prices when it underwrote the bond-conversion scheme, and that it was understood in the inner circles of Wall Street that Steel preferred was to be placed on a level with the Steel 5 per cent. bonds. That expectation has been fulfilled, and no doubt the syndicate has made itself whole, with a profit besides. While there is improvement in the iron industry, there has been by no means a general revival, and an advance of prices in some lines is followed by an announcement of a probable cut in steel rails.

"E." Troy, N. Y.: 1. Considering the rise the other shares have enjoyed, and if you have patience, Con. Lake Superior preferred would be the choice. 2. I hear good reports of St. Louis Southwestern preferred, but one must buy in such a market at risk of a sharp reaction in case of stringency in the money market. St. Louis Southwestern preferred ranged last year from 24 to 66, and this year has sold as low as 26. The earnings of the road indicate that its prospects are improving, and those who are familiar with the property appear to have been accumulating the preferred throughout the year. 3. Railway Steel Spring has had a sharp advance. While the dividend on the common is more than earned and can be increased next year, it remains for the directors to reach their own conclusion; and as I am not one of them I cannot predict what they will do. 4. Under ordinary circumstances, if money rates advance stiffly a reaction before the holidays would be natural.

"S. S." Goshen: 1. In view of the general rise in all iron and steel properties, and the special effort being made to strengthen securities of this class, short sales at present might be inadvisable. T. C. and I. is in much better shape, and rumors of dividends have been circulated more than once. 2. The movement in the Quicksilver stocks is largely manipulative. It was attempted once before by insiders and failed. It is said that stronger interests are now behind it and determined to push the shares higher. The preferred sold last year as low as 5 and as high as 9, and this year as low as 3 1-2. The mines are in California and the preferred is 7 per cent. non-cumulative. There are nearly \$6,000,000 of the common and over \$4,250,000 of the preferred issued—a large capitalization. Four per cent. was paid on the preferred in 1891. The last dividend on the preferred was one-half per cent. in May, 1903. The only dividend ever declared on the common stock was 40 cents a share, twenty-

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two years ago. A large increase in the net earnings has recently been reported. I have no personal knowledge of the property, which has always been regarded as highly speculative, but in such a market that does not seem to hurt.

"S." Savannah, Ga.: 1. It is no secret that the Rock Island has had some difficulty in getting its tangled finances straightened out. It has succeeded in interesting a prominent banking firm in the work of rehabilitating its bonds, and has sold to this firm \$25,000,000 of the first mortgage and refunding 4s. The price at which these were sold is not given, but the fact that this banking firm has taken the bonds and become interested in the property is made the basis for a bull movement in the Rock Island securities. The inflation of this company by a contingent of Western speculators was one of the sensational developments of the Wall Street craze two years ago, and led careful investors to fight shy of Rock Island. The first mortgage and refunding bonds, which the New York bankers have purchased in part, were criticized by the saving banks of New York when it was proposed to make them available for savings-bank investments, the bankers holding that they were not a first lien on the entire property, and therefore not in the savings-bank class. 2. The advantage insiders have over outsiders in Wall Street is again disclosed by the increase in the dividend rate of Con. Gas to 10 instead of 8 per cent. per year. For a couple of years this increase has been predicted, but the prediction regularly failed and the stock consequently fluctuated, with insiders knowing when to buy and when to sell, while outsiders had to guess. In the same way, the alleged "melon cutting" of the Atlantic Coast Line recently was brought about through an extra cash dividend in certificates of indebtedness. This does not look as wholesome as an extra cash dividend from surplus earnings. An attempt to boom the Atlantic Coast Line shares on this "melon cutting" naturally followed.

Continued on page 557

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For everybody, either sex. Quickly grown at home in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc., etc., etc. No trouble, no capital needed; large returns demand always a market at a big profit. Valuable instructive booklet explaining all FREE. Dept. 72, EASTERN IMPORTING CO., BRIGHTON, MASS.

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GREATEST SECRETS EVER REVEALED**

I HOLD THE KEY THAT  
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experience. It will tell you how to gain Health, Wealth, Luck and Happiness. It will tell you now you can develop the Power of Clairvoyance, Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Mental and Magnetic Healing and White and Black Art. How to draw and you can remove evil influences and cure all diseases. Write for this valuable free book today. It should be in the hands of every person, especially women. Send your name and address to DR. WHITE, Sept. 44, 1917 E. Pratt St., BALTIMORE, MD.

**Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.**

*Continued from page 556.*

"Portorico": Will make inquiries.

"A. B. C. D.," New York: Am unable as yet to obtain a report regarding either of the companies you name, but will make further inquiries. Possibly one of your banks might do it for you.

"S." Scranton, Penn.: 1. The mine is a tangible property, highly capitalized, and doing much development work. It is a good way apparently from dividends.

"R." Raleigh: The address of the corporation is simply New York City. If the secretary will not send you a copy of the statement I will try to get it for you. It is too long for me to publish. I have already given a synopsis of the report.

"H." Torrington, Conn.: 1. Glad you have a profit. If you don't take it you must not blame me, even though it goes lower or higher. 2. Only, speculatively, there has been talk that insiders have been willing to pick them up. Probably a fair gamble.

"Nickel," Cambridge, O.: If I had money to invest I would put it in investment securities, and not in a purely speculative curb stock which has been deliberately boomed to make a market for it. You have lived long enough not to believe half what you read and sometimes not half what you hear.

"D." New Castle, Penn.: Talk about the value of the oil properties of Republic Steel is indefinite. If stockholders believe these stories they might with propriety ask the company for a full statement of the facts. They are certainly entitled to it. If the company has such valuable properties it would hardly seem necessary for it to be such a heavy borrower as it has recently been.

"S." Savannah, Ga.: Penn. and L. and N. shares have been advanced to such an extent that a reaction seems to be justified, but manipulators chiefly interested in strengthening the market have been careful to maintain high prices for the best dividend-payers, to enable them to strengthen non-dividend-paying stocks and to put them at figures which are apparently not justifiable. It is always dangerous to short investment securities.

"F." Troy, N. Y.: 1. I would not care to advise the purchase of the stock of a road which is in the hands of a receiver, with possibilities of an assessment. 2. There is a great difference between Rubber Goods and U. S. Rubber. The latter, on earnings, has the preference, though it is understood that a sort of pool agreement among the manufacturers is the basis for a promised rise in Rubber Goods also. 3. The reaction seems to be due.

"N." Pensacola, Fla.: 1. It is too early yet to say, as the reasons for the advance have not been fully disclosed. I am told that they may operate mainly in favor of the preferred, though sympathetically this should also affect the common, unless the entire market decidedly reacts. 2. I have little doubt that President Roosevelt will favor a bill to protect the American ship industry. The passage of such a measure would be helpful to Int. Mer. Marine and Pacific Mail.

"L." Holly Springs, Miss.: The talk of a rise in Leather common has been heard continuously of late, and on the shares have been advanced to about twice what they have been. Considering the large amount of accrued dividends on the preferred still in arrears, the constant exploiting of the common shares is not easily explained. The retirement of the preferred in exchange for a bond has been suggested. This might give the common a possible chance for dividends.

"X." Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1. Any one familiar with the properties taken in by the American Car and Foundry combination knows that the common shares principally represent water. During the car famine of two or three years ago the earnings of the company were very large. I am told that orders have recently largely increased, but that prices have been badly cut. 2. The recent gyrations of Pacific Mail hardly command it to speculate or investors. It sold last year as low as 17 and this year as low as 24.

"New Jersey": 1. A good speculative bond is the Amer. Tobacco 4 per cent., selling around 70. A better one, with an investment quality, is the Tol. St. Louis and Western 4 per cent., selling at a little above 80. People's Gas pays 6 per cent., and has not shared in the general advance of gas securities. 2. Until the dividend on Railway Steel Spring is increased, the price would seem to be about as high as an industrial common of its nature should reach. 3. Earnings of Union Pacific, if properly reported, indicate that its rise has been justified. Inside interests are talking of still higher prices. On a reaction you might be able to cover without so much loss.

"C. N." Trenton, N. J.: 1. Amer. Hide and Leather preferred ranged last year from 10 to 37-38 and this year has sold as low as 11-18. It has had a very substantial rise, and it would seem wiser for the company to accumulate a surplus than to pay dividends on the preferred, unless a speculative stimulus is sought to be given to the shares. The bonded debt is over \$8,000,000, while there is no bonded indebtedness ahead of Railway Steel Spring preferred. Speculatively, Leather preferred might give you better results on a rising market than the common shares of an industrial. 2. In view of expected developments, I would not make the swap at this time.

"P. S." Wilmington, O.: Union Bag and Paper common last year sold as low as 4 1-2, and this year has been down to 3-7-8. The business of the company had diminished and it was believed a year ago that dividends on the preferred might have to be reduced. Only a small surplus over dividend requirements is reported, but the company's business is improving. The common stock has very little chance of dividends for a long time to come, if ever. Railway Steel Spring common, if bought before the market advanced, was better, because paying sufficient dividends to carry it, with a promise of better things if business continues to improve. You are on my preferred list.

"H." Troy, N. Y.: National Biscuit common, paying 4 per cent. dividends, has been strong and advancing because of reported large earnings and the statement that dividends might be increased. The common sold last year as low as 32 and as high as 47, and this year as low as 36. Competition in this business is not difficult and is constantly increasing. The company has succeeded so well because the management is in capable hands. If the management becomes speculative the common will share the fate of other common industrials of its class. The preferred would be the safer investment, but that looks higher than other industrial preferred stocks equally good.

"L." Holly Springs, Miss.: 1. Metropolitan Street Railway ranged last year from 100 to 142, and this year has sold down to 105. A little less than three years ago the company's financial needs were arranged for, and a lease was made for a 7 per cent. guarantee on the stock to the Interurban Street Railway. This dividend has not been fully earned and the guarantee is open to question. Ultimately a combination of all local traction interests might make it good. 2. Metropolitan Securities Company owns the outstanding stock of the Interurban, now N.Y.C. R. R., the lessee of the Metropolitan. It also owns the stock of several other local-traction companies and has broad powers for the acquisition of other companies. Many believe its original intention was to control the local traction situation.

NEW YORK, December 1st, 1904. JASPER.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



"Now, yo' lookey heah, yo', George! doan' yo' fall down an' break dem aigs."

"I couldn't break um nohow. Dey is Plymouth-rock aigs, dey is."

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Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. Every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. **YOU WILL BE BETTER PLEASED WHEN YOU HAVE TRIED IT IN YOUR TEA, COFFEE, ETC.**

**SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.**

Remember that each package bears the design of a "DOMINO" MASK, "DOMINO" STONES and the names of the manufacturers (HAVEMEYERS & ELDER, New York). **INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE.**

**RHEUMATISM**

Cured Through the Feet

Thousands Are Being Cured at Home Every Month by This New Discovery, Which is Sent to Everybody to

**TRY FREE--PAY WHEN SATISFIED.**

The son of S. J. Pearce, health officer of New Westminster, B. C., had rheumatism so badly that he couldn't walk alone. Magic Foot Drafts cured him in a week.

Mrs. Mary Patrick, Watertown, N. Y., for more than a year couldn't get up from her chair. Magic Foot Drafts cured her.

The Drafts cured Z. H. Palmer of Pittsburgh, Pa., who had suffered twenty-eight years.

H. C. Van Valkenburg, Providence, R. I., writes: "I don't believe any person ever had muscular rheumatism as bad as I have had it and recovered so quickly, for which I thank your Magic Foot Drafts."

Letters from the above and many thousands of other cured patients are on file in our offices where anyone can see them.



We want the name and address of every sufferer from rheumatism. Write us to-day. Return mail will bring you free to try—a pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan discovery which is curing all kinds of rheumatism, chronic or acute. If you are satisfied with the benefit received from the Drafts, send us one dollar. If not, keep your money. **You decide.**

The drafts are worn on the feet because the largest pores are there; but they cure rheumatism in every part of the body—to stay cured—because they absorb the acid impurities from the blood through these pores, and reach the entire nervous system through the extremely sensitive nerve centres of the feet. Don't suffer needlessly, but send your name to-day to the Magic Foot Draft Co., RY 8, Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich. The Drafts, together with our splendid new free book on rheumatism, will come by return mail. Send no money—only your name. Write to-day.

**The Real Chartreuse.**

**The London Mail** states that the French government threatens to appear in a new rôle—that of conniving at the manufacture of a spurious Chartreuse.

When the Associations bill forced the monks of La Grande Chartreuse to seek refuge in Spain, the label and trade-mark of the Chartreuse liqueur were appropriated by the government, which has now granted the right of using them to the leading firm of French distillers, Messrs. Cusenir.

A sample of the so-called Chartreuse, not made by the monks, has already reached this country. It is of the familiar green and yellow tinge, and consists of an extract to which brandy is added.

A special cable to the Baltimore *Sunday Herald*, on November 19th, states that Parisian connoisseurs declare the spurious product a poor concoction, and absolutely refuse to drink it. The steps taken by the monks to protect themselves have been radical. Though they might have used the old label in Spain, they have entirely abandoned it. The new label bears the following inscription: "Liqueur Fabriqué à Tarragona par les Pères Chartreux."

Lovers of the famous liqueur must, when the old stock is exhausted, look out for the word "Tarragona" on the label of the bottle as proving the contents to have been made at Tarragona, the Fathers' new domicile. The monks aver that their secret has been faithfully preserved, and that it is impossible to produce the genuine article without their 300-year-old recipe.

**Santa Claus Wigs and Beards**

A good wig \$2.50. Fine long beard \$1.00. Eyebrows 25 cts. per pair. Spirir gum for attaching eyebrows, 10c. per bottle. Grease paint 25c., or entire outfit \$3.75. Send 2c. stamp for catalog and "The Art of Making Up."

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**Accident**

Protection for Men and Women, \$100 Policy pays \$5.00 a week with \$100 Emergency Benefit.

Cost \$2.00 a year. Handsome black seal wallet given free with each policy. Good salesman earning \$100 a week. Excellent side line. Write to day for renewal contract with liberal commission.

**GERMAN REGISTRY CO., 957 Holland Bldg., St. Louis.**

**Pennsylvania Railroad Company Will Issue Clerical Orders for 1905.**

Pursuant to its usual custom, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue clerical orders for the year 1905 to ordained clergymen having regular charge as settled pastors of churches located on or near its lines. Clergymen desiring such orders should make individual application for same on blanks furnished by the Company and which can now be obtained from the Ticket Agents. Applications should be sent to the General Office of the Company as soon as possible, in no case later than December 15th, so that orders may be mailed by December 30th, to all clergymen entitled to receive them.



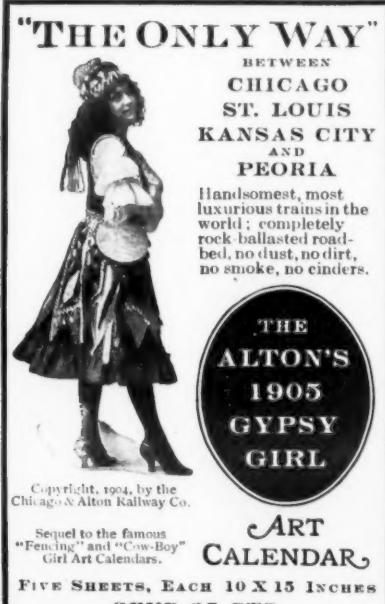
HIS DEFINITION.

"By hookey! that must be the fire-water I've heard the Indians tell so much on but never seed before."

## WILSON WHISKEY THAT'S ALL!



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With name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Pass. Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Lock Box 618, CHICAGO, ILL., and get the handsomest calendar of the year. Fair graceful poses in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for framing.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM Use the Great English Remedy **BLAIR'S PILLS** Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1. DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.



Write to-day, before you forget it.  
Briggs Optical Co., 340 A, Triangle Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y. Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

## Xmas Tip Evans' Ale

Order a barrel containing 10 doz. bottles of good old

The true beverage to promote the good cheer of Christmas.

Any dealer Anywhere. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

### Play-Room Clock, \$1.00

Prepaid to any address in the U. S. The faces represent the DUTCH KIDS (as shown in coats), which are so popular in wove now for all sorts of decorative schemes for children's playrooms and dens. It is made in imitation of burnt wood. Very unique and ornamental. Choice of boy or girl. Clock has solid brass works, can be wound by weight or by winding. Utility and art combined. Dependable timekeeper and a beautiful wall ornament in one. A most appropriate Xmas present. ORDER NOW. AMERICAN HOME SUPPLY CO., Box 150, Providence, R. I.

**THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD**  
The Prentiss 60-day clock is the only one manufactured in the World. It is a phenomenal timekeeper, finely made and reliable. Our Calendar is in a class by itself. Also Flying-pans, Panels, Programs, Electric & Synchronized Clocks, Watchmen's Clocks and paper dolls for names. Send for Catalogue No. 914. The Prentiss Clock Improvement Co., Dept. 91, 49 Dey St., New York City.

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